

From the Christian Observer for November.

FRANCE AND SPAIN—AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

The continent of Europe is very much in the condition of what mathematicians call unstable equilibrium. In stable equilibrium—that is, where the centre of gravity is below the point of suspension or support—there is a tendency in the mass, when disturbed, to right itself; it may be agitated, or oscillate, for a time, but gravity does its duty and restores it to its poise. Not so where the conditions are unstable; every agitation then throws the centre of gravity further from its line of support; each increment of swerving increases the danger; there is no self-restoring principle; and a feather added to the weight on this side or that, overbalances the whole, and precipitates the catastrophe.

Our own happy country has often proved itself to be in the stable position; and we see no reason to doubt but that, by the blessing of God, it will continue to be so. The mighty pyramid of its institutions rests not upon its vertex but its base. Were it in the former condition, a totter would become an overthrow; and even where there seemed not a breath of wind to shake the fabric, its materials having no erect support, and being kept together only by cohesion, might crack and split, and one fragment detached would destroy the balance of the whole. But resting upon the broad, solid basis of its well-balanced constitution; having a free popular parliament, an unshackled press, equal laws and liberties for all its vast population, and a general system of self-control and mutual dependence, from the house of lords to the parish vestry, from the palace to the cottage, from the queen to the constable, each atom rests upon another; the basis widens with the superincumbent weight; and even the crown, though high in dizzy air, has the whole pyramid for its support. We have had a Saxon heptarchy; a Norman conquest; Tudor attempts at despotism; and a Laud and Charles on the one hand, and a Prynne and Cromwell on the other; a commonwealth and a kingly restoration; again a revolution and a kingly abdication or ejection; not to mention subsequent alternations, down to the ten-pound suffrage revolution and the corn-law revolution; and yet, after every earthquake the pyramid has stood firm and erect; no external force has overturned it; the chippings which have sometimes frightened us with their explosions and clouds of dust, have not rended the edifice to its centre or its foundation; and if any danger is to be apprehended, it is perhaps lest the basis should be so much expanded, while the elevation remains the same, that there might be some liability of the centre sinking, like an arch too much flattened or deprived of its key-stone. The United States of America show us that democracy may spread out so widely as to become loose and disjointed for want of the adhesion of a due portion of aristocracy. The one-headed and seven-tailed dragon glided easily through the hedge; while the one-tailed and seven-headed stuck fast and was killed. The American Union is one of the freest places upon earth for those who hold market-house opinions, and make town's talk

their shaster; but alas! for the man who has to trim his course between unpopular convictions and a dislike to tar and feathers. The States have kept their confederation hitherto, because this has been for their mutual interest; but let Maine find that it would better itself by splitting from Georgia, or Kentucky from New York; Utica from Troy, or Buffalo from Schenactady, and flat falls the fabric of the Union into "the dust and powder of individuality." In England, of late years, there has been a tendency to widen the extension and snub the altitude; and thus the arch or the pyramid might fall in; were it not for counterpoising forces which come in to buttress up the antagonistic masses. These rectifying aids are derived from the very nature of our free constitution; for though all cannot rise, yet some of all conditions may, and many do; and thus aristocracy gains zealous and able recruits from democracy. The village grammar-school boy may become an archbishop; and the apothecary's son lord chancellor. The youth who melts glue and flogs flooring boards, aspires to be a builder; and when he has erected a house in carpenter's Gothic style, and let it to a retired citizen, he is as stout a conservative as a duke. A charlist attorney declaims himself into the good graces of a municipal corporation; a radical tradesman gets a contract from the parish vestry; the old ranting demagogue has become boot-maker to Lord A., or confectioner to Lady B.; and all are now quiet citizens, and take things as they are. The alderman who dipped his hands in a log-wood vat, or was adroit in pitching and catching Dutch cheeses, has sent his son to Eton, and allows him a tandem for the honor of the family. There is no fear of that household wishing to overturn the constitution. The cotton-spinning class merges into the pheasant-slaying class; Bright, Cobden, and Hawes add M. P. to their names; and the son of "Old Peel" might long ago have been an earl if he pleased. Thus the pyramid keeps its proportions and its strength; and the little sparkling diadem at the top, though pressing a female brow, seems in no special danger.

But the continental powers—for the most part—are not thus happily balanced, either individually or collectively. There are shakings and rockings; and where those affect bodies not poised in the line of stable support, there is eminent danger. France stands on its vertex, not its base. It has been kept in forced cohesion against gravity ever since the revolution of the Barricades, by the skill and prudence of one man; who, though he wears a crown, is neither young nor immortal. Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the small despotisms of Germany, are in an inverted condition, with a broad body and a narrow base; and a very little force from within or without might upset them, and convert autocracy into republicanism. The new pope saw this danger in his peculiarly ticklish empire; and very wisely—and we would hope upon principle as well as policy—determined to liberalize its institutions, in order to prevent their subversion. Whether he has yet discovered the true centre of oscillation, we know not; but all the states of Italy are on a knife-edge balance. Switzerland also, though from different

causes, is in a state of great agitation. The democratic element preponderates in its cantons; and has lately exploded in Geneva. The revolutions and counter-revolutions in Spain and Portugal, are so numerous and labyrinthine, that we never attempt to chronicle them. There has just been a new one in Portugal; and the seeds of one or more are sown in Spain by the marriage of a French prince with the queen's sister, the remonstrances of the Carlists against the royal alliance, and the violence done to the Treaty of Utrecht and the balance of European power; and the consequent differences of opinion, or of interest, in England, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Spain itself.

One hears the frequent foreboding that all Europe seems resting upon a smouldering volcano; that some explosion will occur, and that the fire once enkindled will spread widely; but when, how, or where, who shall predict? Europe was not more visibly agitated previously to the outburst of the revolutions in 1830, than it is at the present moment; and heaps of fulminating materials have accumulated since that eventful era. It is often with political craters, as it was in the divine infliction upon the cities of the Plain, that the impending catastrophe is not indicated by preternatural phenomena. "The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar." It was perhaps a bright summer's morning; the air might be calm and the sky azure, so that the faithless apprehended no danger; yet the very next words are, "The Lord rained" "brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven." The next war of Europe, Mr. Canning predicted, would be a war of opinions. The events of 1830 verified his omen; but that war was only partial; in France and Belgium the insurgents were victorious; but Russia, Austria, and Prussia resisted the shock. But the assailants are still numerous and powerful; and at a given signal all Europe may be in a political conflagration. When elements are predisposed for an explosion, there wants but little to precipitate it. The chemist in his laboratory pictures to us the play of affinities in the moral world. Here is a lock of cotton; it is soft, unsullied, and elastic; nought has touched it but one of the constituents of the gentle air we breathe; but it is secretly prepared for the match;—it explodes, and nothing remains to indicate its original fabric. Yonder is a vial of water cooled down unnaturally below the freezing point, under forcible conditions which prevent its following its bent. Shake it not;—there; a touch has caused it to rush to ice. Yonder vase is transparent; you discern not that it contains anything but pellucid air. The electric spark suddenly awakens dormant energies; and out bursts a vast fuliginous cloud, which descends in black massy flakes, apparently generated from nothing. Look again; that solution is transparent; you know not that it is super-saturated with materials disposed to crystallize, but suspended by art. You drop a fragment of an affiliated crystal into the inert compound; and in an instant the liquid has turned to a mass of solid crystals. In the vicissitudes of empires, the match, the spark, the crystal of affinity, the touch of vibration, may be a Maseniello, a Wat Tyler, a Cromwell, a Bonaparte—in Paris it was a squadron of newspaperites—and then, "Who would have thought it?" England has weighty duties to discharge in the play of international affinities; and it becomes her not to shrink from her obligations. She may do much to promote peace, to heal strifes, to induce her neighbors to see their mutual inter-

ests, and to persuade them not to stand in their own light. We are not now speaking of her more solemn and bounden duty in reference to religious and spiritual labors—perhaps that is rather the business of individuals than of governments;—but as a powerful, an enlightened, and a free nation, she may use her moral influence with great effect to promote the general welfare. But why should she meddle with internal dissent? Proverbs xxvi. 17.

Such being the state of various continental nations, is it not the interest or the duty of Queen Victoria's government to cultivate, as much as possible, friendly relations with all, but to meddle as little as may be with the internal disputes of any? In the affair of the Spanish marriages, the nation cannot repose the same confidence in Lord Palmerston which it did in Lord Aberdeen, for the exercise of statesman-like wisdom and dignified forbearance, so as neither to relinquish our just position, nor to provoke hostility in retaining it. We have interfered just enough to be foiled and made to look small, without, we fear, effecting any good purpose. We have protested against the marriage, but not hindered it; we sulked and were laughed at; our ambassador shut himself up in miff in his dark room, while the Spanish court were dancing, bull-fighting, and illuminating; and Lord Palmerston has vainly protocolled with M. Guizot in despatches destined to weigh down some future parliamentary blue-book. There has been a great deal too much of sealing-wax and red-tape exhausted between England and the continental powers, both before and since the peace of Utrecht, and little good has come of it. The balance of Europe in days to come, or even for the passing hour, is not within the control of any one, or all, the great powers of the civilized world; yet every nation must hold itself ready to trim it, at whatever risk of war and bloodshed. France talks of sending troops to Switzerland, to help the Switzers to arrange their domestic institutions. If the queen of Spain should have no child to come to the throne, then of course England is to go to war with France, to prevent one family having influence in two kingdoms; though such a compact is just as likely to hamper and weaken one or both those nations, as to consolidate them to the injury of others. Austria again is looking jealously at the internal affairs of the papal states; and keeping its bayonets bright for service in Italy; and Russia and Prussia are equally on the alert against every tendency to place their own institutions, and the toppling governments of Germany, upon the base of the pyramid instead of its vertex. Surely it cannot be the duty or the wisdom of England to become either a make-plot or mar-plot in these intricate entanglements of continental policy and impolicy. In intrigue France can always outdo us; in diplomatic formalities we are no match for Austria. Even at the congress of Vienna, England, which had achieved the great European victory, sent only her straight-forward Wellington, and her constitutionally restricted Castlereagh, to cope with a Metternich and a Talleyrand. We do not consider this to our national dishonor; but it should lead us to discern where our strength lies, and not to adventure without necessity where we are weak, and are likely to be foiled without effecting any good purpose. Even politically-speaking, the visionary balance of power concerns us, in our insular situation, much less than it does those nations which have no breadth of salt-water, be-

tween their frontiers, and whose sentries are within hail of each other. If we can make it important to the continental nations, and to ourselves, to maintain the relations of peace, by the ties of mutual interest, especially in our commercial relations, we need not heed if a daughter of Austria should wed a son of Russia, or two, or twenty powers exclaim that the Alps or the Apennines are no more. The timber lords and serfs of the Baltic, and the corn exporters of the Ukraine; the sherry growers of Andalusia, and the port-wine-growers of Upper Douro; the claret merchants of Bourdeaux, and the olive pressers of Tuscany and Naples; will not wish to quarrel with England while they can maintain more inviting intercourse; any more than the whig butcher and baker will confederate to withhold sirloins and manchets from their tory customers; or the dissenting cordwainer refuse to take the length of the foot of the parish parson; and where it is powerfully felt by the influential majority of two nations, that it is their best interest to be at peace, there is a strong guarantee against their being hurried into war. We are not confining our view to base, sordid considerations; but rather regarding that general good-will and exchange of useful offices, which it was the design of Divine Providence should exist among the nations of the earth, created by the same Hand, redeemed by the same Blood, and placed in various climes and conditions—inland and maritime; tropical, temperate, or frigid; with mountains and prolific mines, or valleys and sunny vineyards and olive yards; with flocks and herds, or with corn-fields and forests;—that each might minister to each, and no one be perfect without his neighbor. War dislocates and rends asunder this beautiful machinery; and international jealousies and petty haggings for power, make even peace to be but an armed truce. England may do much for herself, and for other nations also, by rising into a higher, a calmer, a holier region. We are not denying the duty of exercising prospective wisdom, and endeavoring to prevent probable calamities. We are not even saying that statesmen who have longer heads and larger experience than ours, may not be right, and ourselves wrong, in the particular matter which suggested our remarks—the possible disarrangement of the European balance of power by the late match between a young gentleman of France and a young lady of Spain—it is the general principle only which, as Christian observers, we would uphold, leaving the details to wiser men whose vocation it is to deal with them. A proper abstinence from vexatious mistrust and irritating interference, is not—or ought not to be—in the selfish, niggardly spirit of "Am I my brother's keeper?" but should be connected with large views, liberal policy, and a desire to promote the welfare of all with whom we hold intercourse; and we feel the more strongly upon the subject because the miserable policy of secular statesmen has fearfully impeded the progress of Christ's holy Gospel throughout the world, and separated those who should be united as one brotherhood, though not "in the flesh," yet "in the Lord." We lately had the alarming prospect of direful and sanguinary hostilities with our own kith and kin, and for the most part our professed fellow-Christians, in the United States of America; and this for considerations the most paltry—that is, considered in themselves, though giving birth to higher questions of national honor; and we saw on that occasion how ready, how eager, were thousands

of persons on both sides of the Atlantic, to rush to warfare, to the irreparable injury of both the belligerents, and—in the results—of a large portion of the human race. Two or three times we have been seemingly on the verge of an outbreak with France; and this not so much for matters of intrinsic moment, as on account of the unnecessary and inexpedient multiplication of salient points of collision. This is an evil to be avoided; and every effort should be made to increase the relations of beneficial contact; and not least—yea most—in regard to those higher gifts, which England, by God's blessing, having herself enjoyed, is able and bound largely to dispense; that every nation which knows her power may know her principles; and that her efforts to promote the glory of God, and peace, good-will to man, may, to say the least, not come short of her zeal for her wooden walls, her colonies, and her commerce.

ANGERS BREWING BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

It is not to be concealed that an estrangement between the governments of France and England has taken place. The confiding friendliness of the two countries, which had been growing up of late years, is checked; newspapers proclaim that the "entente cordiale" is broken; the same impression is confessed with regret by the first and best men in France; and many persons of influence in Parisian circles lament, prospectively, the loss of that social intercourse with their English compeers which was doing so much good. This is a deplorable change, and great is the fault of those who have brought it about.

We are aware that the British government is not without a case to allege against the other side in the affair of the Montpensier marriage. The accusation stands something in this way. The "entente cordiale," so formally proclaimed by the French king, was accepted by the government and people of this country in the most perfect good faith; and when the young Queen Victoria visited the aged monarch with friendly familiarity and marks of an almost filial regard, her doing so was viewed with hearty approbation by all her subjects. The sway of good sense appeared to have reached the royal classes of society. King Louis Philippe was frank in his demeanor, paternal in the venerable audacity of his blandishments; his respectable Queen Amélie was induced to assist at the reception of Queen Victoria; the widowed Duchess of Orleans emerged from the seclusion of her grief; and the other ladies of the family contributed to impart to the intercourse an air of domestic freedom that professed to be full of the kindest feeling and devoid of all reserve. Plans and projects were touched upon; this very Montpensier affair came upon the carpet. Who could suspect that all this engaging ingenuousness on the part of King Ulysses Philippe was only acting? Who can doubt that Queen Victoria was indignant when she learned that her fatherly host had befooled and tricked her!

Perhaps, indeed, it was not all acting. Cunning of the highest kind involves much that is genuine amid its pretences: Louis Philippe is really a good-natured man, really sensible, really disposed to hearty alliance; though he could not withstand the bait of a good match.

Many believe him to be actuated by purely mercenary motives; but who knows what passes in

the deep recesses of his mind? We suspect that far beyond any mercenary motive lies the ordinary dynastic ambition. He strives to strengthen the dynasty of the Barriades by allying it with the older dynasties. The project does small credit to his astuteness. What he gains in an apparent increase of hold on the throne by extending his royal connexions, he loses in the influence which is his real strength. To ally his line with the decaying dynasties of Europe, is to link the fate of his family with a class which is on the decline; whereas the very tenure of his occupancy depends on his alliance with the rising institutions and influences of limited monarchy. If France is to have a king of dynastic pretensions, why not have a Henry the Fifth rather than a Louis Philippe? For him to cancel the revolution of July, is to strike the "consideration" out of his bond, and to vitiate his own lease.

But the badness of his position is no set-off against the badness of the position to which our official representatives retreated. Quite the reverse. The better our case, the more easy and desirable was it to take up a true position. The British government made a blunder in attempting to stand upon the old treaty of Utrecht; that treaty affords no sound *locus standi*; it possesses no legal force to preylent the marriage in question; it was practically untenable. If the British government desired to frustrate Louis Philippe's match, that end might have been attained in a much surer way, by proclaiming the project, discussing it in the face of Europe, and defeating intrigue by transparent openness. Had that been done, the strongly expressed opinion of the Spanish, possibly of the French people, and of the governments of other European states, might have induced King Louis Philippe to abandon his game.

We recognize distinctly the untoward results that may flow from impaired cordiality between the courts of St. James and the Tuileries; but the worst of those consequences can hardly happen without the active participation of the British ministers. In itself, the Montpensier match presents nothing that need much shock us. The chance that a breach of an obsolescent treaty may accrue is very remote; the danger of any inordinate increase to French power through a "footing" in Spain is more than problematical. The marriage really concerns the people of France, England or Spain, only in a very slight degree. Its worst incident is, that it is a cause of offence to high personages and to diplomatists. But if the officials suffer their displeasure to entail deplorable consequences upon the nations, they will not escape a fearful responsibility by pleading the misconduct of Louis Philippe. Far graver will be their own misconduct.

And the course imputed to them now is obnoxious to very grave suspicions. The time is come for speaking out. Their attitude is dangerous to the stability of peace. Not that war is immediately imminent; but the progress of two such neighbors as France and England must always be towards closer peace or towards contest, and we see that the direction in which they have moved has been reversed. The nation should know, before it be too late for correction, what its public servants have done and are doing. When satisfied that war is necessary for the interest and honor of the nation, the British people will always support its rulers in war. But there has as yet been no aggression except upon the self-importance of

diplomatists; and the English people will not consent to war merely to point the periods of scolding despatches, or back absurd and offensive demands.

Nor would a merely negative course on the part of our ministers satisfy expectation: they will be required to show that they have really done their best to preserve peace. When the most deplorable of visitations is brought upon the country, it will not suffice for our own government to turn round and exclaim, "Thou canst not say that I did it." It is not enough for the guardian to show that he is not murdering his ward; what is he doing to turn away danger?

We are told that King Louis Philippe has effected a match for his son which endangers the peace of Europe: how is it that we hear of the affair and of its terrible contingency so late that nothing can be done to stop it? What were our ministers, the late ministers as well as the present, about in the interval? what aid did they invoke? what made them neglect the most effectual appeal of all, the *public* opinion of Europe? When we are told that all this mischief must flow from the wedding, it looks very like nonsense, or gross misconduct on the part of our diplomatists. Grant the utmost turpitude in the French king's behavior, and our managers do not escape the presumption of gross bungling in suffering such dangers to attend an event so paltry. Has diplomacy made no advance since a Helen was the origin of a Trojan war? Cannot our well-paid statesmen perform their business better than that?

We are told that the alliance between France and England is effectually broken. If so, it is not merely the fault of the French king and his ministers. Louis Philippe may be disposed to draw back from an alliance which he has not duly honored; but our representatives ought to know how to assume a position so just and so tranquil as to neutralize intrigue, or the humors which intrigue may make its tools. With the altered political condition of states, we say, diplomacy has acquired an altered function; which is now, to find out a ground of common intelligence between any peoples parties to a question in dispute. We fear that our diplomatists are at this moment neglecting that newer and higher part of their vocation, which was recognized and honored by their predecessors in office. In conducting disputes with other countries, Sir Robert Peel's cabinet manifested no disposition to offend, but adhered to the plain merits and justice of the case. Unless he has been greatly misrepresented by the published accounts of his despatches, Lord Palmerston has returned to the litigious, attacking, taunting style, that distinguished his correspondence down to 1841: and, by an unfortunate coincidence, so close as to look like more than the effect of chance, the English ministerial journals are backing the foreign secretary's aggressive tactics. The whole course of the compositions imputed to the viscount, and reflected by his partisans in the press, is one of incrimination against persons in France, whose misconduct even would not warrant diplomatists in taking so truly false a course as one calculated to drive powerful antagonists to desperation.

The conduct of true diplomacy is the very opposite all this. It would foster, not misunderstanding, but better understanding; a phrase, synonymous with friendliness, which shows how the removal of misconception is felt also to remove enmity. Much of the misunderstanding between all countries lies in reciprocal misconceptions of ideas and

language; and true diplomacy would clear up those obscurities, calmly extracting the truth even out of blundering reproach. For instance, *La Presse* charges England with the odious policy of keeping European states unsettled and doubtful of the future. It is true, that the traditional notion of maintaining a "balance of power," in former times, induced England to prevent decisive results: but she has grown wiser; and, instead of setting London journals to rail against France, it would much more conduce to the objects of true diplomacy, if the reproach were made the occasion, as it might justly be, of showing that England has corrected her policy—that the country which restored Louis the Eighteenth recognized the Revolution of 1830.

It is for the British public to consider whether it wishes a war about this Montpensier marriage. It behoves that public, so slow in entertaining questions of foreign affairs, to know that this question is becoming one no longer of foreign politics, but of the safety and peace of the country. It is to be hoped that the more discreet members of the cabinet will recollect that there are days of reckoning, and that, though the declaration of peace or war lies with the crown, the ministers who carry out the royal will are responsible to the nation.—*Spectator*, 7 November.

PALMERSTON HOSTILITIES WITH FRANCE.

OUR account of the impaired friendliness of the relations between Britain and France has been confirmed from a quarter open to the best information: our statement was in no degree exaggerated—it only fell below the truth. Very gloomy forebodings prevail in Paris; and the sole reliance for an intervention to prevent deplorable consequences rests on the good sense of the English public.

The difference between the conduct of the French government and that of the English minister for foreign affairs is this: the French government is chargeable with taking advantage of a technicality, in order to break the spirit of a solemn understanding; but it was Lord Palmerston who introduced the flaw into the compact which made the breach practicable, and he has followed up that diplomatic blunder by committing himself to the overtly aggressive position of an enemy. No allegation of sinister purposes on the other side can justify the great indiscretion of that conduct from first to last.

It is true that Lord Palmerston's breach of the compact at Eu did not warrant France in departing from it also. The government at Paris rests, too much for its own credit, on that technical flaw in the case of the English diplomatist. According to the French themselves, Queen Victoria was personally a party to the compact; and although in this country we do not view with much favor the personal intervention of the sovereign in official business, some deference was due at least in courtesy to the young queen who was drawn into the discussion by the opposite parties. It seems not to be denied that Lord Palmerston did break the compact to the extent of instructing Mr. Bulwer to treat Prince Leopold of Coburg as a candidate for the hand of Queen Isabella. The French seized advantage of that false move, to set aside the compact and push forward their Montpensier. Now, our neighbors represent Lord Palmerston as palpably betraying his duty, and as falsely representing the British nation: if so, it would have been more becoming in them, not to take advantage of his

error, but merely to protest against it—to recall him to his duty, and to stand by the compact made in presence of the two monarchs. That they seized the advantage offered by what they denounce as the personal misconduct of England's attorney, is an ugly feature in their case; and while they consent to rest any part of their defence upon that technicality, they virtually confess some stain of selfishness and trickery.

But it is worse than idle to persevere in a course of bandying retrospective accusations. What is done cannot be undone. The marriage is consummated, and cannot be dissolved. The French government has stolen that march upon us. It does not appear, however, that any hostility to England or English interests was intended: it was a pure act of self-seeking, and it is the fault of our statesmen if they suffer it to involve us in any disagreeable consequences. Let them meet intrigue, if they suspect it, by standing on substantial grounds and dealing with perfect openness and singleness of purpose. The remote eventualities which statesmen affect to apprehend from the Montpensier marriage have no substantial existence: there is as yet no difference between the marriage actually accomplished and that to which Queen Victoria and Lord Aberdeen promised their consent: if any difference do accrue, it must be an affair of the future. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The eventuality, so far as the present goes, is a shadow, a pretext; whereas a misunderstanding between France and England would be a real calamity; and that calamity stares one in the face as the imminent consequence of Lord Palmerston's administration. The thing of present urgency is, to do whatever will restore the good understanding between the two governments; and it is precisely that which Lord Palmerston's demeanor is rendering impossible.

Nobody, it is said, for all the blustering, really thinks of quarrelling or of war. That is true, in England and in Downing Street. The bullying "tone" is a trick of trade. But when we only talk of quarrelling, the French do think of it; for they do what we do not—bring their feelings into the question. War is a weapon more readily seized by them than by us, and more easily laid down. The flippant tone of the bully is not suitable to England, with her slowness to come to action, her slowness to relinquish a contest once begun.

It is desirable that the English public should fully understand "the situation," and should watch it jealously. We write from no hostility to Lord Palmerston. We do not enter into the French project of pelting him from office with newspaper attacks. But if his aggressive disposition be suffered to run riot, it will be in breach of the understanding on which the whig ministry is supposed to have been formed, that Lord Palmerston should amend his ways and be discreet. He is charged with flagrant dereliction of that understanding—with a false move by which he lost England's position in the matrimonial game and incurred "fool's mate;" and he has not mended that position by his present attitude. He is represented to demand that the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier should disclaim for their progeny all right to the throne of Spain; a demand which seems framed to be offensive and impracticable. It must lead to nothing, if not to discord. Those two singularly false moves, that wanton courting of calamity, constitute the charge against Lord Palmerston. It is incumbent upon him—or rather it

is incumbent upon those colleagues who share the responsibility of his acts—to be prepared either to disprove that charge before the English public at the meeting of Parliament, or to show that steps have been taken to avert the lamentable consequences as soon as they were perceived.—*Spectator*, 14th Nov.

JONATHAN AND THE MEXICANS.

THE *Times* compares the war between the United States and Mexico to the struggle between an eagle and some huge fish, into which the bird has struck its talons, flying away with it at first, gradually borne down by its weight, till the fish returns the compliment, and swims down with the bird stuck fast into its own deep element.

Mexico is indeed "very like a whale." And most naval nations have tried their hand at striking a harpoon into its mass. England has tried, France has tried, and now Jonathan is trying. Each blow certainly draws blood and weakens the victim. France extracted some five or six millions of dollars. And now Jonathan would not only draw more millions in the way of indemnity, but eat the blubber out in the shape of Mexico's richest provinces. Still the inert mass resists; and though the boats of the enemy have attacked it on both sides, they seem as yet in as much danger of being swamped and stove in, as of succeeding in the task of slaying and turning away the monster.

The Americans have struck a blow at California, another in Santa Fé. They are taking aim, but afraid to strike, at Tampico and Vera Cruz. As to Rio Bravo and Monterey, their stroke has told, but they are themselves almost as much endangered and entangled by it as Mexico. And it is a puzzle to discover what aim General Taylor seeks to achieve, except that of winning dear and useless victories, and of obtaining scant and uncertain supplies. The wisdom of the Washington war-office does seem sadly at fault. The valor of the Americans will no doubt fight them out of any scrape. But, in truth, this valor has been as little husbanded as the dollars of which Jonathan is so chary.—*Examiner*, 14 Nov.

IRELAND.

It needs a strong and hopeful faith to look into the turmoil that Ireland presents just now—the tangled troubles, the disheartening weaknesses, the utter demoralization throughout—and to see even a dawn of hope beyond. Perhaps nothing is more repulsive than the general contempt of truth, which not only makes it difficult to extract the facts out of the conflicting evidence, but permits all classes of the people to tamper with the facts themselves, so that the very essence of things is false. The incidents of the week, trivial as many of them are, yet taken together become truly appalling as indications of the pervading inconsistency, helplessness, and corruption. It is the same whether we look into official documents, newspapers, or the speeches of public men.

The lord-lieutenant has found it necessary to repeat the declaration that officers intrusted with the conduct of public works will be protected from the violence of the very people whom they are deputed to relieve. He points out that the continuance of murderous attacks would prevent employment, and

deprive the poor of subsistence; and the works at Tulla in the county of Clare have actually been suspended, until the restoration of order.

Divers Roman Catholic clergymen of Mayo have appended their names to resolutions which may be characterized as ruffianly, prophesying in a very suggestive way that the patience of the people will yield, and that there will be consequences destructive to law and order. In these resolutions is recorded the complaint, that curates, who know the wants of the people, are excluded from relief committees: with this fact may be coupled another, that the lord-lieutenant has found it necessary to issue a general notice, that presentments for the building of places of worship [Roman Catholic chapels] out of relief funds have uniformly been disallowed.

The *Pilot* of Dublin exclaims against us because we said that subsistence had been secured for all who will work. There are many signs to corroborate such an assertion. The *Dublin Evening Mail* mentions that the price of provisions is already falling, under the influence of large arrivals at Liverpool and announcements of an immense maize crop in America; "even potatoes were, on Saturday, sold at twopenny per stone less than on the previous day." The enforcement of task-labor on relief works has caused a marked decline in the demand for labor tickets. It has long been observed how strange it is, that, at a time of scarcity, the Irish supply of labor for England is stopped; the same extraordinary absence of Irish migratory laborers is noticed in the Scottish Highlands, where wages of 2s. a day fail to attract at this time of "starvation." The *Times* professes to have information in support of the charges, that the poor are concealing their potatoes lest they be found not worthless; and that farmers are reserving rent and wages, charging their laborers and creditors on the relief funds. The deposits in savings-banks exceed the withdrawals in the most distressed districts. The *Pilot* and several of the public speakers talk of actual deaths from starvation: there may be such disasters, among a people who seem to prefer turbulence to industry, even at the expense of their own lives; but how extraordinary it is, that under so terrible a necessity they suffer their claim to be vitiated by these many concurrent and most equivocal appearances!

Even what might be deemed favorable turns assume an ugly aspect. Mr. O'Connell made a speech at Conciliation Hall, on Monday, which was in marked contrast with the turbulent oration that fell from him at Fermoy. He has discovered that the abused Board of Works is doing all it can. Task-work, so virulently condemned at Fermoy, he talks of as if it were a bright idea of his own, suggested by him to the lord-lieutenant as an advantage to the poor, and "promised" by Lord Besborough. In short, Mr. O'Connell's new strain is one of absolute pacification; but it is weakened by affording, in its tergiversation, a grosser instance of that "levity in his nature" which he deprecates, than even the jokes with which he enlivens this period of starvation.

Mr. O'Connell seems to support Lord Besborough in contradistinction to the ministers in England, as if he thought the lord-lieutenant's post in some danger; is it so?

The Irish complain that their condition is not understood in England: we suspect that it is really better understood in London than it is in Dublin—although they do their best to make it unintelligible everywhere.—*Spectator*, 7 Nov.

FROM Ireland, with further confirmation of the fact that the famine has been effectually provided against, we have further proof of the extent to which the Irish have been trading on the dearth and the English intervention. The importations of silver to pay for wages on public works do not circulate, but disappear at once; absorbed, we must conclude, in the hoards of a barbarous people. And the officers on public works complain of flagrant and wholesale attempts at imposition. At the same time, the farmers proclaim that they cannot obtain work at practicable wages. Having provided for the great danger, the exertions of the officials must now be directed to stem that contagious corruption which spreads like an epidemic, and threatens to convert the real necessities of the people into a wholesale swindle and a national imposture. The best instrument for checking this kind of abuse would have been the machinery of a real poor-law; and the want of it now is one of the penalties to be paid for the selfish timidity that has prevented its establishment.—*Spectator*, 14 Nov

LORD BROUGHAM AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

It is time for the French king, his friends and his organs, to begin to show a little magnanimity. After having triumphed in their hearts' desire, and cheated and humbled at least, if not hurt, old England, they ought really to grow pacific and good-humored in their victory, as we have become in our defeat. Considering the provocation and the circumstances, our Foreign Office has behaved very moderately and mildly. It has protested in very courteous language; it has invoked the right of treaties, and made certain reserves for the future, without anger or menace; in short, it has taken merely the due steps for supporting what was certainly a serious blow to our character and interests, with decorum as well as resignation.

Instead of meeting this in a kindred and generous spirit, instead of doing its utmost to conciliate the very natural resentment of the whig cabinet, the French court seems determined to carry on a war of big words and small intrigues. Its organs have openly announced, and emphatically repeated, that, after having humbled England at Madrid, they will force her not to resent it, by ejecting the whigs, and especially Lord Palmerston, from office. All the little court lap-dogs in Madrid and Paris have set up this self-same cry to the same tune, and are yelping at our foreign secretary, just as if it was the day after the bombardment of Acre. Lord Palmerston, it is thought, will succeed in holding over the head of the French king the declaration, that the progeny of Montpensier shall not succeed to the crown of Spain. Had Louis Philippe modesty and prudence, he would leave this question to time, which after all would carry it for him, in case of the queen leaving no heirs. But he frets at the paper obstacle, which Lord Palmerston puts in his way, and is bent on revenge.

The king has called for this great purpose to his counsels, his faithful vassal, the Baron de Cannes, being no other than our old friend Lord Brougham and Vaux, a man who, having split most of his opinions, has at last done the same with his allegiance. To get up a storm against Palmerston, and blow him out of parliamentary waters, is now the aim. The anti-English intrigue, which Count Bresson so adroitly began in Madrid, Lord Brougham is to terminate in London. By way of prelude to the great act, the usual bellows has been

applied to all the organs of the press in the three countries, whose pipes are filled with air from Louis Philippe's reservoir. The *Herald* swaggers and swears against braggadocio Englishmen, who are always showing ill-humor, but no longer have the pluck to fight. The *Presse* threatens to chastise us with the Czar; whilst the English writers in French interest declare they will set all right by offering up Lord Palmerston as a scape-goat. Personages more entitled to be listened to than the press, write urgent letters to preserve the peace of Europe by hastening the same sacrifice. The hopes of the Paris court are buoyed by exaggerated stories of those dissensions which attended the abortive birth of the present whig cabinet on a certain occasion. And efforts are directed to open old sores, to shed poison in lieu of the ointment which healed them, and to introduce, if possible, a little of Schönbein's cotton into the ears of the most pacific of the whig ministers.

To point out and unmask the intrigue, is to defeat it. We have no wish to exaggerate the consequences of the Spanish marriages, or to make their perpetration the origin of an anti-Orleans crusade, for which the country has neither leisure nor interest. But at the same time, a statesman's entertaining a just sense of indignation at an ungentlemanly and dishonest trick, is not to be swelled into a crime, in order to gratify the personal pique and political selfishness of a foreign prince, who has repaid the hospitality and zealous alliance of this country with the basest and meanest ingratitude. If Lord Brougham has a feud with the present foreign secretary, let him fight it out under English colors, on English ground. Let him not turn sapper and powder-monkey to work the mine, which foreign governments may choose to run beneath the foundation of this country's policy and government.—*Examiner*, 7th Nov.

TURKISH SLAVERY.

If the report which we copy from a contemporary is true, the British minister for foreign affairs has revived an extraordinary demand formerly made upon the Porte, to abolish slavery throughout the Ottoman empire! The statement is almost incredible. If it is not a fabrication, the proceeding happens most singularly out of time, when even zealous protesters against slavery have learned to doubt whether our whole system of compulsory proselytism in that behalf is not utterly mistaken and self-defeating. It happens most inopportunistically, too, at a juncture when England is becoming suspected of a revived propensity to meddle in the affairs of foreign nations.

But to Turkey this particular mode of meddling is equally offensive and alarming. Slavery is a basis of the social—of the household arrangements in the country. However desirable it may be to extirpate such an institution from the world, the attempt is equally distasteful and impossible to the Turk. Suppose the Turkish ambassador—Turkey being still an infidel country, but more powerful than England—were to receive from Constantinople a despatch requiring Lord Palmerston to abolish female labor throughout the United Kingdom, or the subjection of the wife to the husband: would any practical benefit be conferred on English society by the alien reformer? or would any British minister be patiently silent under such an impertinent and impossible requisition? Yet neither demand would be so absolutely impracticable of compliance

as that made to the Porte. Suppose even something still more incumbent upon the country, still more in accordance with its moral and religious principles, were demanded, such as the abolishing of prostitution; would not the Englishman chafe the more at the coolness of the foreigner in driving him to confess the national delinquency, and the incompetency of the nation to enforce its own moral code?

If we are to convert friendly states into enemies by reproaching them with social vices, we had better at once prepare for war with all the world, since there is not a country that would not furnish such a pretext—not excepting our own. Indeed, it would be better to try such a policy at home first, before venturing on it abroad; let ministers write round to the local authorities, requiring them to abolish female degradation, cheating in trade, or any other of our objectionable social customs; and let them test the expediency of that enterprise by the result of the next general election. Such an experiment would be all the safer, because our own country would not go to war with itself, nor would it be driven by such an outrage into an alliance with its own enemies.—*Spectator*, 14 Nov.

TURKEY.—A correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, writing at Constantinople on the 20th October, reports the receipt of a strange sort of despatch from Lord Palmerston—

“Lord Palmerston has sent a note to the Porte, in which he demands the abolition of slavery in the Ottoman empire. You will remember, that when Lord Ponsonby was ambassador at Constantinople, a similar measure was proposed by the minister for foreign affairs; but his lordship’s despatch in answer induced Lord Palmerston to abandon the project. In the present note, the question is ably argued, but with more of sophistry than sound reasoning, and with a sturdy disregard for the feelings of those to whom it is addressed, which we must certainly pronounce to be imprudent. It is argued that there is nothing in Mahomedan law which objects to such a proceeding; in proof of which, his lordship cites treaties which have been made between the British government and the Mussulman chiefs of Arab tribes for the suppression of slavery. Who are these Mussulman chiefs, or ‘princes’ as they are styled in the note? The leaders of wandering marauders, who, for a few pieces of gold, would cut the throat of the Sheikh of Mecca if they could do so with impunity. And as to the arguments on the grounds of justice and humanity, we think we can show that they are equally futile. The entire domestic system in Turkey is founded upon what we must call slavery, for want of a better word. The sultan’s mother was a slave, and so was his wife. The Mahomedan law emphatically forbids his majesty to marry any other than a slave. * * * So independent is the wife in Turkey, that on the slightest complaint against her husband, she can at once obtain a separation. It is on account of this law, and the general capriciousness of the sex in the east as well as in the west, that the Turk prefers marrying a Georgian or Circassian slave, who looks up to him as her sole stay and protector, to taking as a partner one of his own countrywomen, encumbered with meddling relations and officious friends. It must also be remembered, that the instant a slave marries she becomes free. No one born of Mahomedan parents can be a slave, or even act in the capacity of a servant. It is in consequence of the latter regulation that ne-

gro slaves are imported from Tunis, Egypt, and Tripoli, who are employed to do the menial offices of the household. No slave becomes literally the property of his owner, nor can the latter beat or ill-use him. On a slave complaining of ill-treatment, the cadi of the district is bound to find him another and a kinder master. No class in Turkey is watched over with more paternal care by the law than that of the slave. His owner is obliged to clothe, lodge, feed, and pay him in a proper manner, and after a seven-years’ servitude he is entitled to his freedom. This, then, is not slavery, but an apprenticeship; a gentler and happier bondage than that known in many a factory in England. * * * There are at this moment many instances of negro slaves rising to some of the highest offices in the state. Ibrahim Pacha, governor of the Dardanelles, was a negro slave; and the present Pacha of Varna was another. As far as white male slaves are concerned, we shall only mention the fact that Kosrew Pacha, the grand seraskier, was slave to Hussein Pacha; and that Halal Pacha, the sultan’s brother-in-law, who was lately lord high admiral, and is now governor of Trebizond, was slave to Kosrew.

“It is impossible to describe the sensation which Lord Palmerston’s note has produced, not only at the Porte, but also, we are assured, in a higher quarter. It is a proceeding which strikes at one of the vital principles of the social system of the Turks.”

AUSTRIA.—A well informed German correspondent, whose letter is dated from Mainz on the 2d Nov., mentions a remarkable sign of political movement in Austria—

“Political reform seems to advance by a route that mocks all previous calculations. That in Italy, Rome should take the lead, never entered into the head of the boldest speculator. As little would it have been believed, some time back, that Austria was likely to set an example of reform to Germany. But many are the symptoms that such will be the case. A short time back, the reported promotion of Baron de Kübeck (in every sense a man of the people) to the rank of a cabinet minister, was looked upon as a mere prelude to the exclusion of this able official from his present influential station. The successor, now designated as minister of the finances, Count Taaffe, is known to have formerly declined this portefeuille, on account of the subordinate position held by the chancellor of the exchequer at Vienna, and the consequent impossibility of his affecting a sound reform when opposed by the two or three cabinet, or, as they are called, ‘conference’ ministers, who form the virtual cabinet. That Count Taaffe now willingly takes the post of chancellor of the exchequer, shows his reliance upon Baron Kübeck’s support in the conference; and we may therefore look forward to sound financial and consequently to improved commercial legislation in the Austrian empire. The Polish settlement forms the point about which the conservative and the liberal opinions are most at issue; and the difficulties it presents are only to be overcome by a sound commercial system.”

The *Morning Post* states, in a mysterious paragraph, that Warner’s “long range” has been privately tested by a government officer, “on the eastern extremity of the Essex coast,” with satisfactory results.

CHAPTER V.

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

SHAKESPEARE.

"It was not me, Mr. Downing, whom you expected here to-night," said the stranger; the poor clerk having sunk overpowered into a chair. "I am sorry to have disappointed you. I am sorry to have alarmed you."

"Agitated me," replied the clerk, laying an apologetic stress upon the word. "I have met with severe misfortunes, sir, and am easily agitated. The body of one of my sons is lying yonder within—"

"And to-morrow will be lying low in the dust," interrupted the stranger. "I am aware of it."

"Then why intrude to-night into my house?" demanded Downing, feeling that, since aware of the dispensation under which he was suffering, the conduct of his visitor was inexcusable.

"Because there is that to be said between us," replied the stranger, placing himself unbidden in a chair, "that will not abide the dawning of day. We must confer together to-night, Mr. Downing."

"Not to-night!—No! by the Almighty God, who has smitten me so sorely, not to-night!" cried Downing with growing indignation. "With the son of my loins lying unburied, I will not be forced into an angry discussion with one who has neither call nor claim upon my consideration."

"For your own sake, and the sake of the son who, as yet, is not lying unburied, you will," was the cool rejoinder of the stranger. "At some future time, you will thank me for having forced you to be reasonable. I arrived in this neighborhood, Mr. Downing, three evenings ago, for the sole purpose of seeking an interview with you. I was in hopes of finding you more amenable than on a former occasion, as I am myself enabled to be more liberal. To obtain a deliberate survey of the registers in your custody, is as much or more an object to me than ever. I am come, therefore, I frankly tell you, provided with a hundred pound note, to offer for the accommodation."

"If this be all you have to say, sir—" Downing was beginning.

"It is not all!—it is very far from all!" interrupted the stranger. "Be not impatient; but as I said before, for the sake of your only son, listen patiently and complacently to the end."

The poor clerk fell back despondingly into the chair from which he had half arisen. He saw it was useless to contend with one so obdurate.

"I arrived at F. three nights since by the mail," said he, "as you this morning announced to Colonel Garrett that you expected your son to arrive. It was too late to go to bed, too early to proceed to business. Rather, therefore, than arrive here too early, so as to inconvenience you by my visit, I proceeded leisurely, Mr. Downing, by the footway from F.—the road by Warling-wood—the road by the Hams."

A slight start from poor Downing evinced that this announcement was not devoid of interest. But, as if to disguise his unavowed emotion, the clerk rose from his place and closed the cottage door, which was still slightly ajar; a night wind having been gradually rising, that swept across the chamber, and caused the deathlights to flicker.

"It is a lovely scene, Mr. Downing, that green valley," added the stranger, deliberately, after his host had resumed his seat. "The windings of the stream, the impervious thickets of the wood, the loneliness of the secluded glen, induced me to loiter there awaiting the coming day, which was to enable me to make my appearance at Hartington."

At this intimation, poor Downing clasped his hands silently on his bosom, as though engaged in inward prayer.

"The weather was beautiful," resumed his guest; "doubly beautiful to a poor city-dwelling wretch like myself, little accustomed to enjoy the sweetness of a country landscape, or the softness of a summer morning. No wonder, therefore, that I found it pleasant to wander among the alder bushes, on that short, green elastic herbage. Nothing could be more soothing.—Alas! how painful is it to connect such a landscape and such an hour, with deeds of human violence!"

Again did Downing half start from his place. But it was not the cue of his visitor to notice his distress.

"So long, however, did I prolong my morning's walk in order to avoid an untimely visit to Hartington," added the tormenting stranger, "that I became overpowered with fatigue. Beside the stream, the turf was too wet with morning dew to afford me a place of rest. Not a stone, not a bank, nearer than the slopes of Warling-wood; having entered which by an entangled footpath, I made for a jutting stump, half hidden by sprouting underwood, to serve me as a seat."

"I do not see, sir, in what way all this concerns me!" gasped old Downing, his face of a deadly whiteness.

"You will see clearer shortly," replied the stranger, satisfied with the impression he was making. "You will perhaps better understand me when I tell you, that before I had taken refuge many minutes in the copice, a young countryman came trudging along the valley, on his way, like myself, from F. to Hartington; singing at the top of his voice, in the mere exuberance of his spirits, for he knew not that a human being was in sight. So at least I had reason to infer from his proceedings. For after stopping once or twice on the margin of the stream, as if on the look-out for sport, he at length stepped into the water; and by his movements, while stooping to grope under the hollow bank, I had reason to conclude that he had some experience as a poacher, and some knowledge of the place. While hesitating whether I should emerge from the resting-place, which had become a hiding-place, and ascertain exactly what he was about ere I proceeded to remonstrate, my purpose was forestalled. On putting aside the bushes to make my way down quietly to the brook-side, I saw that the young poacher was engaged in a violent dispute with a youth some years his junior, who must have arrived from the Hartington turn of the valley, from which my face was averted."

"You are certain that he came from Hartington?" demanded the clerk in a hoarse voice.

"As certain as that he threatened, if the young man he addressed by the name of Jack, persisted in his breach of the law, to denounce him to the constable. As distinctly as I now hear my own voice; as distinctly, Mr. Downing, as I hear the pulsation of your heart—I heard the indignant youth declare the poacher to be a disgrace to the honest name he bore; and that if his father were aware of only

half his misdoings, it would bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The elder retorted, loudly, roughly, with imprecations, with violence."

"Yes, with violence!—I am certain he was the first to have recourse to violence!" burst from the lips of the agitated Downing.

"When first I saw him trudging joyously along the valley," resumed the stranger, "he had a reaping-hook in his hand, which he kept brandishing in the air, as if keeping time to the tune he was singing. Before he entered the water, he laid it on the green margin of the stream. But no sooner did his brother, (for his brother it *was*, Mr. Downing,) pronounce the name of the constable, than he seized the weapon."

"He seized the weapon and threatened the young man's life!" cried the clerk, unable longer to keep silence; "whereupon Luke, in self-defence, endeavored to wrest it from him; and in the struggle betwixt them, the deadly wound was unintentionally given!—Yes, *unintentionally* given!—Don't say otherwise, or I won't answer for myself. Don't say otherwise, unless you'd run the risk of my felling you to the earth. Don't say otherwise, sir, no—don't say otherwise. Reflect that they were brothers—my sons—the sons of the poor mother who died in torment in this very room, recommending them with her last breath to my care and love. It was an evil chance that directed that accursed weapon: nothing, *nothing* on earth but an evil chance—a chance that might have happened to you or I, sir. Had poor Jack ever stirred or spoke again, he would have been the first to declare that his brother was innocent."

"And how happen you to know, Master Downing, that he neither stirred nor spoke again?" demanded the stranger. "How comes it that you, who gave evidence this morning before the coroner, that your son Luke was in London, in attendance at a public hospital, when the fatal event took place, should be perfectly apprized of every circumstance attending it?"

Poor Downing remained despairingly silent. He saw that he and his lay completely at the mercy of the tempter.

"Perhaps," resumed the man, whose eye was beginning to exercise over him the fatal charm of the basilisk, "perhaps, since the fratrieide has contrived to acquaint you with so much that happened on the Hams on Thursday morning, (so much that the magistrates of this county are eager to discover, and that will shortly become an object of inquiry to the criminal justice of the kingdom,) perhaps he also confided to you how, when the dreadful deed was done—done so effectually that the whole spot was soon flooded with the blood of the victim, he was forced to kneel down beside the stream, and wash the stains from his hands, gazing wildly to the right and left as he plunged them into the water, lest stragglers from the village or from F. should be astir! How was he to suspect that any one lay in ambush, watching him from the skirts of the wood, who saw all—nay, who saw him conceal among the bushes, *where they still lie*, Master Downing, and where they may at any moment be pointed out to the officers of justice, his jacket and handkerchief saturated with blood!"

"Mercy, mercy!" cried poor Downing, struggling in vain against the contending emotions which all these horrible details called into existence. "Mercy for my boy!—Mercy for me!—If you were indeed a witness of all this, you know that

Luke was innocent—innocent of malice aforethought."

"Who will believe it?" interrupted the stranger. "His brother came to Hartington at his request, by his especial appointment, (as I have since minutely ascertained,) on pretence that, for surgical advice, he was about to visit London and leave you alone. How was it then, that, at the very time he had given his victim to understand he should have already started, he meets the poor fellow by the way! What jury, what judge, but would see premeditation in the mere fact of his presence at the Hams!"

A moan of horror issued from the lips of Downing, whose face was bowed down almost to his knees.

"The body of the murdered man is yet unburied," pursued the stranger, "the proceedings of the inquest might still be resumed."

"No, no, no! a verdict is a verdict!" interrupted Downing. "The coffin is closed—the coffin is screwed down.—Do not let them disturb the quiet of the dead!"

"That quiet, my good friend, is beyond your means of disturbance or mine. But the quiet of the living will most likely be disturbed. Justice must be done. A man with his hands imbrued in the blood of a fellow-creature—of a brother—of an only brother—must not be suffered to go at large."

"If all who go at large were innocent as *him*!" said the partial father, plucking up some spirit in vindication of his beloved boy—

"The world, you think, would be the better! Perhaps so. I have no wish to take up the defence of mankind. All I feel it necessary to do on this lamentable occasion, for the sake of the public weal, and in order to ward off suspicion from innocent persons, is that in my interview to-morrow with Colonel Garrett, previous to the funeral, I —"

"No! you will not have the heart to do it!" cried the clerk, forestalling his declaration: "you could not—you *must* not!"

"I both *can* and *will*, Master Downing; of that be assured, unless —"

"Unless I prove dishonest to my trust and give you up the registers!—Ay, to that I knew we were coming. Say it out, sir! I foresaw your purpose! I foresaw the web you were weaving for my soul; *me*, a poor father, whose firstborn is lying cold under his roof; and whose last living child is skulking out of sight of the officers of justice!—Persecute and trample upon me as you choose, sir. There is no one to take my part. There is no one to support me. There is no one to say, 'Resist him, John Downing; resist the devil, and he will flee from thee. *Who* will believe his evidence? Sell not thy soul to purchase the life of the boy!' There is no one, sir, to say this; no one to interfere between us."

"You consent then to my proposal?"

"What proposal? I have heard no proposal!"

"Cannot your own mind suggest it? Does not your parental affection whisper to you that you must oblige me this night, in order that to-morrow at the funeral I may refrain from pointing out by whose hand this bloody deed was done?"

"To-night!—you don't suppose the registers are kept in this house?"

"No, for I know them to be kept in the vestry, of which you hold the key. One of two things, therefore. Fetch hither the volume in question;

or supply me with the keys of the church and a dark lantern, that I may myself make the best of my way thither."

"You!—you would venture into the church; you, a stranger, in the dead of the night, and for a bad purpose!"

"Who told you my purpose was bad? Your own evil thoughts! I would venture there, as you call it, at any hour, in order to examine the registers which contain an entry that involves the prosperity of my family."

"Then bide till to-morrow, sir, bide till to-morrow!" pleaded Downing. "It's a hard thing on a father to be troubled about other folk's matters, at such a time as this!"

"T will be a harder thing for your son, my man, if you shirk my business!" retorted the enemy. "To-morrow, Master Downing, will be too late for me. To-morrow, the dead will be in the dust. To-morrow, perhaps, the guilty will be out of reach. Whereas, now that Luke is still skulking in the neighborhood——" Downing started from his chair—"and still, to the best of my belief, hidden in the hollows of Warling-wood, and probably about to visit you in the darkness, to receive food and advice——"

"Oh, sir," cried Downing, "if you are a man, have pity on us!"

"As you have pity on me, eh! though the stakes betwixt us are so unequal. Just now, I heard a foot creaking on the gravel. Another voice will perhaps be soon added to our council. And as the night is getting on," continued the stranger, looking at his watch, "for it is nearly two o'clock, and at four we have daylight."

At this suggestion, old Downing, having put off his shoes, made a movement towards the inner room.

"Are you going to consult the murdered man? or is the miscreant hidden in the chamber with the corpse?" demanded the stranger, instantly preparing to follow him, in the suspicion, perhaps, that he kept fire-arms within.

"Not a step—no! not a step further!" cried the persecuted father, facing round as he reached the threshold of the lean-to, his brows and lips compressed with unspeakable anguish. "My dead son lies within. No one enters there but me—me, sir, who approach the corpse with the respect we owe to them that is in judgment before God."

And the somewhat startled guest, who stood opposite the open door, ascertained, beyond a doubt, by the watchlight, that the small, dismantled room contained, indeed, no place of concealment. The bed, upon which was placed the plain deal coffin of poor Jack, had no hangings; and it was from a nail on the wall, from which hung also the huge watch of the poor clerk, that he took down the two well-remembered keys. It was their customary place when Downing was within doors.

"Take them," said the old man, emerging with the same deferential step as before from the chamber of death, and stooping to reach from under the settle the dark lantern he was in the habit of using in winter time to visit the church. "Take them! For whatever purpose, remember my words, that it will never prosper!—The honesty of a gray-headed man has been crushed within him to give you possession of these keys. And some day or other, when you remember at what a time you came to seek 'em, and how cruelly you——"

"Enough said, old gentleman," cried the stranger, clutching at them the moment that, with a match-

box taken from his own pocket, he had lighted the lantern. "You've wasted enough talk on the business already, to wear out the patience of a quieter soul than mine. Had I known the keys were so close at hand, and so easy to come by, maybe I might have taken a shorter cut to their possession."

Another second, and he had disappeared from the house. But even after he was gone, the clerk paused not to reflect on the probability that he might have disappeared forever, in which case the deepest disgrace awaited the manifestation of his breach of fidelity. His mind was on other thoughts intent. While the stranger vanished through the garden wicket, he stood upon his own door-sill, peering out into the night, as though his eyes would burst from their sockets.

And not in vain. A rustling of the bushes in the corner of the garden nearest the Hams, announced that some living thing was concealed there.

"Luke!" whispered he, scarcely daring to trust his voice, after the first bitter disappointment he had undergone. "Luke!"

By way of answer, a cold, tremulous hand was placed in his own.

"I have been waiting this hour. I saw a person enter the cottage with you," answered the enfeebled voice of his unhappy son. "I watched his departure. Was it an officer of justice?"

"No matter—it was an enemy—a cruel enemy! He will soon return, my child. He must not find you here, Luke. It was one who knows all, and who would think no more of giving you up to judgment——"

"Better if he did," interrupted the despairing young man. "There is no more peace for me, father, in this world; and the Almighty, who knows my innocence, would take me to himself!—Better, perhaps, for us both if this man denounced me——"

"Your can't be thinking of your poor father, when you say that," faltered Downing, grasping his cold hand. "Think of what it would be to me, Luke, to see your young head at the gallows! But I should not live to see it! I would not live to see it! You must be off this night, Luke. You must n't tempt this evil-thoughted man; you must quit the country; you must quit the country sooner than run further risks. Here's all the money, Luke, I have in the house; and ten guineas more, which I got advanced by the Savings Bank, without the weekly notice for drawing out—on pretences of—of—to-morrow's expenses, Luke. When you can let me know you're in safety over the water, I'll find means to send more. And now good-by; I must not keep you; and if you was to stay ages and ages—how ever could I get out what's working in my heart!"

The haggard being who threw himself weeping on the shoulder of the poor old clerk could find no answer to these torrents of tenderness. But when they had wept together, both were comforted.

"One thing, Luke," sobbed the heartbroken old man, "one thing you could do that would give me ease in my mind—that you came and bade him good-by, as well as your poor father. For you'll see neither of us again."

"I would have asked it of you, only I thought you'd maybe consider that I, who brought him to his untimely end, had lost a brother's rights!" answered the drooping young man. And straight-

way he followed his father into the little room, and kneeling down beside the bed on which was the open coffin with the lid laid over it transversely, breathed aloud a prayer for the eternal peace of him who lay within.

While he yet prayed, the poor father stood beside him, resting with one hand on his shoulder and with the other concealing his streaming eyes. But, on arising from his knees, Luke took that withered hand within his own, and placed them both together upon the shrouded breast of the dead.

"As I stand here, father," said he, "in presence of my Maker and of this corpse, I am guiltless of any wrong, by word, or thought, or deed, against my poor brother, on whom God have mercy! I say this again, as I said it to you before on that dreadful morning, when I rushed in and told you of the accident; because many hold that at the touch of a murderer, the body of the victim bleeds afresh.—And I have no fear.—To my poor brother I appeal.—If any return from the land whither he is gone before, it is not to bear false witness!"

Stooping towards the coffin, he lifted the facecloth, and imprinted a last kiss upon the clammy forehead; then turning, with the marrow still thrilling in his bones, he threw himself on his knees before his father, to ask his blessing. Not in words was it bestowed; but in that innermost fervor of heart which no human eye can reach, nor ear can hear. God alone heard and accepted the prayer of the heart-broken John Downing for the preservation of his ill-fated child.

CHAPTER VI.

If they did hear, they would not pity me;
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones.
Which, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort are better auditors,
For that they do not interrupt my tale.

SHAKESPEARE

NEVER was there seen such a gathering in Hartington, as on the day when the remains of young Downing were consigned to the grave. The season being propitious, people thronged from far and near, as if to take their part in the tragedy which, for some days past, had occupied every heart and soul under every thatched roof of the district.

The utmost vigilance of justice had been defeated. No trace was yet discovered of the murderer. Though several of the resorts of desperate characters in the neighborhood had been visited, in the hope of detecting evidence of their having been recently engaged in an affray; nothing was found—no sign—no token.

It had been even judged necessary, on finding that Luke Downing absented himself from the funeral of his brother—the answers of the old clerk concerning the motives of his absence, and the period of his return, being strangely incoherent—to verify the fact of his arrival in London, and appearance at St. George's Hospital. And in this, thanks to the prudent instructions of his father concerning the necessity of establishing an alibi, no difficulty presented itself. Evidence was easily obtained that the bearer of an out-patient's letter from Sir Clement Colston, had been provided with medicaments for an injury to his leg received in cricketing, early in the afternoon of the day on which the Hartington murder was committed; and that the individual in question, one Luke Downing,

had represented himself as bound on a long journey which would prevent his presenting himself again at the hospital.

But the circumstance which most excited the surmise of the loiterers under the lime-trees and the Saturday club at the Black Lion, was a mysterious report that, when neighbor Jukes arrived at Downing's cottage at an early hour on the morning of the funeral, to superintend the closing of the coffin, he discovered his poor old friend lying insensible across the threshold, and with some difficulty restored him to himself; while at the rectory it was also known, though cautiously whispered in Mr. Wigswell's family, that, on the same eventful morning, the porch, nay, even the vestry-door of Hartington church, usually so carefully closed by the parish clerk, had been found open by the sexton.

In the lock of the inner door, however, the keys were found hanging; and as nothing had been subtracted from the church, nothing even disturbed in the vestry, the most rational version of the affair was, that old Downing, miscalculating his own strength of mind and body, but in reality half dead from fasting and grief, had proceeded to the church to make preparations, secure from idle observation, for the ceremony of the morrow; and, on finding faintness about to overpower him in that solitary place, had hastened home, leaving the keys inadvertently behind, and reached his own premises only in time to fall in a swoon upon the door-stone.

A few extreme terrorists, however, proceeded still further; protesting that he had fled only because accosted in the darkness of night—some said by the spectre of his son;—others, by the breathing form of the murderer.

Be it as it might, the sensation caused in the village by this new incident, was almost as great as that produced by the announcement of the murder. Old Downing was a man beloved and respected in his generation; and of the thousands who attended, uncovered and with saddened faces, the interment of his unfortunate son, few but marvelled how he would ever find courage still to abide in that fatal cottage, the scene of such a series of horrors and calamities. For neighbor Jukes could not always bear him company. And yet John Downing would not listen to the benevolent proposition of the rector, that, till the return of poor Luke, he would accept a bed at the parsonage.

Find courage, however, he *did*. The moment the sod was laid over the head of his son, he returned thither; nor quitted the place again, even for a second, except in discharge of the duties of his calling; which, from that day forward, he discharged with even greater zeal and diligence than before. For week-day ceremonies, such as weddings, christenings, or burials, he was sure to be in attendance ten minutes before the appointed hour; and though never in the course of their common ministry had Mr. Wigswell found occasion to rebuke him for carelessness or omission, the good rector could not but notice that so far from becoming slovenly in his office under the pressure of his troubles, church and chancel were never so trimly kept as now; nor was his surplice ever presented to him so fresh and white. John Downing seemed in dread, lest the ill-savor of ill-fortune might rest upon him; and his master seize the first pretext that presented itself for advising him to retire from his clerkship. The nearer he approached the close

of his duties, the harder he appeared to cling to their discharge.

"It does me good; occupation does me good!" said he, in excuse, to his friend Jukes, who suggested that, now one son only remained to him, his deposits in the Savings' Bank ought to suffice for the comfort of his declining years, without harassing himself by further service. "I enjoy my leisure the more, for my hours of work. And with more leisure, neighbor, black thoughts would throng into my head, for which the best remedy is having my hands busy."

Who was to surmise that all this activity, all this dread of being superseded, arose from apprehension lest the registers should fall into the custody of a new clerk, and it might transpire that a folio page was wanting! Even with the head of his first-born green in earth; even with the head of his younger in jeopardy, the terror of that discovery hung heavy on the old man's mind. He knew that he had sinned. He knew that, to serve a purpose of his own, he had betrayed his trust; and the man who had walked uprightly all the days of his life, could not bear to be pointed at as a defaulter.

God, who knew all, both the sin and the temptation, God would be more merciful. But those of this world, to whom he could not exonerate himself with safety to poor Luke, would wag their heads in triumph over his backsliding. Even his trusting old master could not but revile him as faithless and ungrateful.

With unceasing and gratuitous labor, therefore, did he toil to do that better which he had always done well. But, alas! at the close of all his efforts, there was none of the self-gratulation with which his more moderate endeavors had been requited. His task was now pain and bitterness. There was no longer peace for him in this world.

The summer plants ran up to seed in his little garden. The weeds grew and grew, and choked the seeds that had been sown for autumn produce. The fruit, as it ripened, fell to the ground ungathered; and though neighbor Jukes' children gazed wistfully over the wicket gate at the cherries and raspberries that expanded in crimson clusters only for the joy of the chaffinches, no one had courage to say to the joyless man, in whose dim eyes there was no longer the light of life—no longer even tears—"Let us do a turn of work for you in your garden; for lo! it is becoming a wilderness."

His sole remaining comfort was that ancient book, which, once in his life, he had looked upon with a listless eye. For even the letter without signature, which brought him tidings of Luke's safety, was scarcely a source of joy. It was as the first pledge of a separation which he felt to be eternal; the first milestone of a road that was to lead them further and further apart.

"The poor boy had not strength of mind to return to this fated house. The poor boy, who would have been forced to traverse the Hams, on his way to Norcroft and elsewhere, could n't have borne it as I do," was his explanation to those who still hazarded an inquiry after his son.

And the neighbors, who were careful to avert their faces while he was speaking, lest he should espay their misgivings, tried to appear convinced when he assured them that Luke was gone to Scotland, and had got work among his mother's relations at Glasgow; though not a few of them well remembered how often poor Mrs. Downing had

mentioned having outlived every soul of her Scottish kith and kin. John Downing showed a letter, indeed, addressed to him in Luke's hand-writing, bearing the Glasgow post-mark, which he was careful afterwards to destroy. It was unnecessary that any besides himself should be apprized that, on the morrow, the unhappy writer was to cross the Atlantic, bidding adieu to his native country—probably forever.

But if any of the Hartington neighbors went near enough the truth in their guessings, to divine the real motive of young Downing's estrangement from home, one and all too much respected his father, and nearly all too dearly loved himself, to endeavor to remove the veil from that terrible mystery. If the spirit of the kind-hearted Luke had really been chafed into the crime of manslaughter, they were convinced that the whole provocation rested with his worthless brother.

Still, though things resumed by degrees their usual aspect in the village; though people ceased to flock to the Hams, to have the exact scene of the murder pointed out; though the children ventured at last to cross the churchyard again in the twilight; and, by the time the daisies of the following spring brightened the turf that covered the grave of Jack Downing, plucked them with as little compunction as from any other spot; there were moments when the old clerk felt his breath choked, and the pulsation of his heart suspended, by trifling circumstances which others let pass unnoticed.

He was aware that the bloody clothes worn by poor Luke at the fatal encounter, were still concealed among the bushes in Warling-wood; and though the autumn had rained and the winter snowed upon them, the shelter in which the bundle lay, might have preserved them unharmed. With no instrument at his disposal, at the moment of the dread event, but his own weak and trembling hands, the agitated young man had been unable to dig a hole for them in the earth; and at any time, the straying of a dog, or the scrutiny of Sir Clement's keepers, might bring them to light.

Never, therefore, did poor Downing perceive a group of two or three persons, or a single one in haste, pass along his garden hedge up the lane from the Hams, without the conviction that all was discovered. Yet such was his repugnance to approach the scene of death, that nothing—not even the peril of Luke—could inspire him with strength of mind to make his way along the Hams, and pursue his search in the wood, in the direction pointed out by Luke on the day the deed was done, so as to destroy those fatal objects.

At other times, his terrors arose from the threatening countenances of his nephews the Harmans, when business brought them over to Hartington. They had spoken out. On their first encounter with poor old Downing after the interment of his son, Maurice Harman had referred to a deadly quarrel between the two brothers, on occasion of their second meeting at Norcroft.

"Of all the ill-wishers of poor Jack, which warn't a few," said the boor, "his milksoy of a brother was the bitterest! And if ever blow was struck by man, the one that sent that poor fellow into his grave, was struck by Luke!"

Soon afterwards, it was mentioned to the old man that his niece Esther was gone to service; and though aware that the affairs of his sister's family were far from prosperous, he could not forbear expressing to his nephews some surprise, that she

had made up her mind to send her only daughter from home.

"Mother send her! Not she! 'Twas Hetty that didn't choose to stay!" replied the young savage. "Hetty heard more things about her bloodthirsty sweetheart, by the hearthside at Norcroft, than was pleasant to listen to. Neither I nor Jim made any bones of telling her that Luke had run away to Scotland, or Ameriky, or over seas somewhere or another, only for fear of the gallows.—So she found it more agreeable to go and hire herself out where his name warn't never heard of; and where she might fret a'ter him to her heart's content."

That, on some unlucky occasion, either in dudgeon or in drink, his brutal nephews would come out before strangers with their frightful allusions, John Downing could not doubt; and on learning the increasing dissoluteness of the Harmons, and the recklessness of their lives, he trembled to consider how easily might be destroyed the good repute which his poor son was already beginning to enjoy in another country. The money transmitted to him by his father had prospered in his hands, in a country where capital, industry, and intelligence united, never fail to prosper; and he was embarked in a small way in a thriving house of business in New York.

But the worst trial of all endured by poor old Downing was when, as occurred on many occasions, the apprehension of some rogue "unwhipped of justice," produced a report in the county, and even a statement in the county paper, that "the prisoner convicted of sheep-stealing was suspected, among other crimes, of being implicated in the murder of John Downing the younger, at a place called Warlingwood, the perpetrators of which had been hitherto undiscovered."

Nay, more than once, attempts were made by country Dogberries to intimidate some unfortunate vagrant or other into a confession of the crime. If innocent of the burglary or arson of which they stood accused, they were possibly guilty of a homicide which still remained undisposed of.

Then, indeed, the poor clerk trembled, lest, by one of those oversights occasionally arising from too strong a dependence on circumstantial evidence, an innocent man should be put to death, or at least to shame. Fixed was his determination, in case of such an emergency, to come forward with a full confession of the truth. But this was not to be done without an uprooting of his very heart-strings, and scarcely a winter passed over his whitened and still whitening head, and the long nights gave cover to those breaches of the law which lead to the blunders of the magistrates, and jeremiads of the newspapers, so as to produce some allusion to Eliza Grimwood and John Downing—never-failing texts for November-like and bloody murder dissertations—but the rest of the unhappy father was startled by new panics, while his meagre body grew thinner and thinner, in proof that his heart was wasted with his woe.

Life had long been a burden. The face he yearned to look upon, he should never behold again. Yet he dared not quit the parish. He must remain at his post. He must remain within sight of the church. He must remain the custodian of the registers! He must eat, even unto the last, the bread of bitterness, and drink of his chalice of tears, under the roof where his poor wife had undergone her death of agony, and almost within view of

the spot where one of his sons had been slain by the other.

"May God accept my sufferings in atonement!" murmured he, as he lifted his eyes towards a young sapling which he had planted in a sunny corner of his garden, a few days after the birth of Luke, and which had shed its leaves for the fourth time since the fatal moment of his exile. "If I have fallen into temptation, sore, sore to abide hath been my punishment, even in this world."

But, alas! a chastisement wholly beyond his calculations awaited the meek-spirited clerk

CHAPTER VII

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet

The unexpected death of some old lady

Or gentleman, of seventy years complete,

Who's made us youth wait too, too long already

For an estate, or cash, or country seat.

BYRON.

THE harmless little old lord of the manor of Hartington, whose days, since the frightful event which had occurred on his estate, had been pain and grief to him, so that through fear he "died daily"—gave up the ghost in good earnest; and those who were about to exchange a master who did no harm among them, for others who might become tyrants and enemies by the mere force of doing good, began to apprehend, the moment Sir Clement had breathed his last, that their golden age was at an end.

They had, however, little to fear. The baronetcy of Colston was extinct. Failing heirs-male, the family estates devolved, conjointly, to the two daughters of a cousin who had fallen bravely in the last war; and the Miss Colstons and their widowed mother having been on frequent visits at Hartington Hall, (the only guests ever tolerated by poor Sir Clement,) the tenants were already familiar with their gracious manners and kindly dispositions. No one could desire better than to serve these amiable coheirresses.

The will left by the old baronet was as short and dry as might have been expected of him. He bequeathed a legacy of five thousand pounds to his old friend Wigswell, five hundred to the poor of the parish, a year's wages to his servants, and the residue of his enormous personality, the produce of the penurious life he had led from mere narrowness of mind, to his next of kin. A sum of one hundred and forty thousand pounds would consequently accompany the Hartington estates; enabling the two sisters to carry out in favor of their tenants, a thousand long-standing projects of improvement and benevolence.

It will be readily understood that a change of administration so important, produced an unusual gathering together of the notables under the old lime trees on the green. The liberal donation made to the parish by its late patron, and his handsome bequest to his bosom friend, the old rector, were pronounced to be out of proportion to the enormous fortune he was leaving. But then came the extenuating plea, that the will had been made five-and-thirty years before, ere that enormous fortune was accumulated; and that the sums bequeathed comprehended at that time the whole amount of his savings. Even now, they could scarcely permit themselves to impute blame to good Sir Clement.

So soon, meanwhile, as the news of his death reached London, the Miss Colstons and their mother hastened down, not so much to take pos-

session of their inheritance, as to pay due respect to the dead ; and preparations for the funeral were already making on an extensive scale. Old Wigswell had issued orders in a suppressed voice to John Downing, to be present at the opening of the family vault by the workmen of the Lewes upholders, who were charged with the duty ; and all was in preparation for the melancholy ceremony, appointed for the eighth day after the demise of Sir Clement.

Sophia and Cecilia Colston were young women of engaging manners, and sufficiently agreeable in appearance to be called, "extremely pretty for heiresses." Though reared in retirement by their sensible mother, since their attainment of womanhood they had lived in the world ; Sir Clement having generously added an allowance of fifteen hundred a year to the income of something less than a thousand, (though including her pension as widow of a lieutenant-colonel,) enjoyed by Mrs. Colston ; and with such prospects as theirs, even had their exterior been less prepossessing, it was not likely but that, at two and three-and-twenty, both sisters should have found pretenders to their hand.

Miss Colston and Cissy, however, were firm in their determination to remain single till the death of their uncle ; in the first place, to obviate any change in the circumstances of their mother, till they were themselves enabled to secure her the income she had so long enjoyed ; in the second, because, in spite of the probabilities of the case, they never chose to consider themselves more than heiresses *presumptive* to the Hartington property. A man of habits so eccentric as their nervous kinsman, might in his latter days be dragged into matrimony. And who can be secure against the heirs provided for an old gentleman in his dotage !

They had consequently not only dismissed the train of admirers brought round them by watering-place report of the extent (per annum) of their charms, but Miss Colston still prolonged the probation of a man to whom she was sincerely attached, Colonel Larpent, the widower of one of Mr. Wigswell's daughters ; who, having two children by his first marriage to provide for, could not afford to make a disinterested match ; nor was Cissy less firm in postponing till her uncle's death, her union with Sir Henry Fletcher, a light-hearted, light-headed young Irish baronet, who would have been content to marry her without a shilling ; but whom his affianced wife did not consider in sufficiently independent circumstances to run the risk of making a castle Rackrent of his family seat.

When, therefore, the opening of Sir Clement's will apprized the two sisters that their generous firmness had met with its deserts in an inheritance almost doubling their expectations, so that they were able at once to make a noble provision for their mother, without encumbering the estate ; there was indeed reason to be thankful to Providence for such exceeding good fortune. The tenor of the old gentleman's latter days was such as to prevent his death from becoming a matter of personal sorrow ; and the utmost they could do was to testify their personal respect to the memory of so near a kinsman, in addition to the solemn deference due from all right-minded people to the presence of death.

The days that were to elapse previous to the funeral, were devoted to exploring a succession of cabinets and caskets, old family depositories of papers, jewels, miniatures, and relics of every description, many of which had evidently not been

opened since the death of Lady Margaret Colston, for the chance of discovering some testamentary paper containing the wishes of poor Sir Clement relative to his place and mode of interment.

But amidst the variety of handwritings there collected by the late baronet, not a scrap of his own was visible ; except the memoranda of the numbers of the bank notes successively received by post, from his London bankers, for the last forty years, which he had never been at the pains to destroy ; being far too supine of nature to dip pen in ink, except for some occasion more urgent than often befel his unincidental career.

Here and there, in some mildewed drawer or box, they discovered hoards of old guineas, evidently made at intervals and forgotten by the proprietor ; and in more than one mouldy pocket-book, were bank notes of considerable value, laid aside with the book at the year's end, and never reopened. Coins, medals, snuff-boxes, trinkets of inestimable value to the eye of the collector, and still more as family memorials, came successively into their hands ; nor could Cecilia, the livelier of the two sisters, cease from wondering why Sir Clement, who was not only personally fond of them, but, during their visits to the Hall, had so often lamented his inability to afford them amusement, should have withheld these precious stores from their inspection. To *them* the jewels, which were to *him* valueless, would have been an important acquisition. But he had preferred leaving the fine family pearls to become yellow with damp, and the settings of the diamonds to turn black as jet, rather than be at the trouble of searching for his keys to unlock the caskets that contained them. Or, perhaps, he fancied that the evil spirits of feminine coquetry and irritability laid at Hartington with the ghost of Lady Margaret Colston, might burst forth to torment and fidget him anew on the opening of such a Pandora's box as a jewel-case ; or, more probably still, that the report of his having such a mass of valuables in his possession might afford a dangerous temptation to the same violent and undetectable hands which had been laid upon poor Jack Downing.

The attention of Mrs. Colston during the search instituted by her daughters, was not however engrossed either by old comfit-boxes set with rubies, or snuff-boxes chased and encrusted ; but by the endless collection of family miniatures, some in bracelet clasps, some in box-lids, some in lockets, some in cases or frames ; but each and all recalling to her mind anecdotes of bypast Colstons, recounted to her by her husband in the early days of their marriage.

The Sir Leonard who was grandfather to the late Sir Clement Colston and her husband, was a bon-vivant whose exploits had given rise to not a few amusing traditions ; and of his sons, besides the respective fathers of the poor Colonel and Sir Clement, were several whose faded portraits now stared her in the face ; some in uniform, some in colored suits befrogged and be-laced with silver or gold—eccentric uncles, of each of whom the boyhood of Colonel Colston retained some salient recollection.

Beside Sir John, the demure father of the late baronet, there was Everard the three-bottle parson, who had broken his neck in fox-hunting ; there was the lieutenant, killed in Rodney's action with De Grasse ; and there was the next and favorite brother of Sir John, Mark Colston ; a man whose high honors at the bar, and even the personal

friendship of Lord North, had been unable to retain in his proper sphere of society, so dissolute and disgraceful were his habits of life.

The female portraits were fewer in number; for these numerous uncles had been blessed with only a single sister and a couple of wives. Sir John and the fox-hunting parson (the colonel's father) were the only two who had married; and Miss Sybella, their sister, whose prim likeness, in a pouf and sacque, was preserved in one of the most richly-mounted of the miniatures, had married late in life an Irish Viscount, and died childless. A huge C. and a Viscountess' coronet in brilliants, adorned the reverse of a portrait far from captivating; whereas there was another miniature, set only in a rim of gold with a curl of rich auburn hair on the obverse, which, though slightly mildewed, and disfigured by a shabby discolored piece of black ribbon, at once arrested the attention of both mother and daughters.

"What a sweet face!" exclaimed Cissy Colston, after wiping the glass with her handkerchief. "What an arch expression about the eyes!"

"I wonder who it can represent!" added her mother, having carefully examined it. "It strikes me as bearing no resemblance to any other member of the Colston family."

"Resemblance! No, indeed! If the truth must be told, we are none of us beauties," rejoined Cissy, glancing at the collection of hard-favored high-shouldered portraits; "and this young creature, with her fly-cap and breast-knot, must have been loveliness itself!"

"Let us take the magnifying glass out of the gold étui, Cissy," said her mother, "and see whether we can discover initials, or a date on the setting."

But even with the aid of a magnifying glass, not an indication of any kind could be made out.

"Perhaps it may be a fancy picture!" observed Miss Colston.

"No, the black ribbon bears evident marks of having been worn. No one wears a fancy picture," argued her sister.

New objects of interest, however, soon presented themselves to divert their attention; a series of beautiful medals struck at Vienna to commemorate the fate of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the gentle Madame Elisabeth; besides a valuable collection of Mogul coins, formed by the sailor Colston in the course of his roving life. But when at length they proceeded to replace the miniatures in the drawer of the old Japan cabinet from which they had been taken, Miss Colston, in removing a litter of dried rose leaves which lay at the bottom of the drawer, and which might have been chips of wood for any resemblance they retained, either in scent or complexion of their original nature, discovered a little strip of paper, inscribed in colored ink, and an old-fashioned handwriting.

"Nelly —. Taken from the neck of my poor brother, Mark, after his death, 1787. J. C."

Depend upon it, this memorandum was wrapped round that pretty miniature," said she. And on comparing them together, the foldings of the paper exactly coincided with the form of the medallion.

"I wonder who Nelly can possibly have been?" cried Cecilia, more and more interested in the likeness thus cherished till the death of the wearer, though so long ago as the last century.

"Probably some person not worth inquiring after," replied her mother. "Mark Colston was one of the cleverest men, but one of the greatest

roués of his time. After various attempts to reclaim him, his father, old Sir Leonard, renounced him altogether. By the initials, this memorandum appears to have been written by his brother, Sir John. Unless I am mistaken, Mark died within the rules of the bench."

"And was never married!"

"He certainly left no widow; nor did I ever hear of his marriage. The life he led was scarcely compatible with a respectable connexion."

"This lovely creature, then, was probably the object of some unlawful attachment," observed Miss Colston, glancing more gravely at the picture. "Perhaps some married woman, long since dead and forgotten. Even for its beauty's sake, however, the miniature has a peculiar value."

"When we find time to read over the desks'-full of old letters, in different handwritings, which lie in the cedar cabinet in poor Sir Clement's dressing-room," added Mrs. Colston, "we may perhaps obtain some clue to the name of the original. I observed many packets in the handwriting of old Sir John; besides a quantity which, from the seal, I conclude to be in the writing of Sir Leonard, your great-grandfather."

The object of their immediate anxiety, meanwhile—a paper written by the hand of Sir Clement—continued to baffle their researches. Nothing of the kind was to be found; and the preparations for the funeral were accordingly suffered to proceed on the scale originally suggested. The deceased baronet was to be interred with the solemnity becoming his birth and fortune; borne to the grave by six of the beadsmen of the village, followed by all the servants of his establishment and the chief tenants on his estate; Mrs. Colston and her daughters attending in person, as chief mourners.

It was autumn, and it happened that, on the morning but one preceding that appointed for the funeral, as John Downing was about to turn the key in the porch-door of Hartington church, he was struck by the sound of a slight hammering within. Nothing very surprising in the circumstance; seeing that, in the course of the day, the whole edifice was to be hung with black cloth, for the approaching ceremony. But the clerk, who had come there according to his usual laudable custom of being ten minutes beforehand with every appointment, to await the Lewes upholsterers, and who knew the keys to be safe in his pocket, felt not a little astonished, on opening the door, to find that one of these sable personages had the start of him.

"I was sent forward by Mr. Briggs," said the man, "to take measure of the pulpit, which had been overlooked."

"But how ever did you get into the church?" inquired John Downing, expecting to hear that he had at least scaled one of the windows.

"I got in by turning the handle of the door, which was unlocked," replied the man. "But you had better not close it again after me," continued he, as he reached the porch, "for the rest of our people will be here in twenty minutes."

Secretly reviling his own carelessness in having left the porch door unlocked the preceding evening, after the departure of the masons employed in raising the stone of the Colstons' family vault, John Downing attributed his inadvertence to the bustle attending a moment of such universal excitement in the village. But he instantly proceeded to satisfy himself that he had not been equally in fault with regard to the vestry, and was thankful to find

the door of that more important department of his trust as fast as usual.

As it was, at that early hour, before even the villagers were astir to indulge their curiosity, no great harm could have been done. He took care, however, to avoid any particular conversation with Briggs' foreman, on his arrival; lest peradventure the story of his remissness should reach the ears of his reverence, who, in deference to the memory of Sir Clement, came in person to superintend the preparations and confer with the undertaker.

Meanwhile, as Jukes the wheelwright, and others of the elders of Hartington, were taking their afternoon's refreshment in the parlor of the Black Lion, which overlooked the road skirting the eastern side of Hartington Green, a post-chaise and four galloped past, at a rate which flung up splatters of mud upon the easement.

"A post-chaise to the Hall!" was the general comment of all present, aware that the road in question led only to the great house. "More lawyers, may be, alighting like a flock of carrion crows on the old estate."

"Ay, no doubt there 'll be a pretty penny to be made out of two inexperienced young things, like Miss Sophia and her sister," added the landlady of the Black Lion, with a sympathizing sigh. "One on 'em, they say, is to marry Parson Wigswell's son-in-law, the handsome col'nel. And it 's a thousand pities but the wedding had been done and over afore the old gentleman dropped; that the two poor, unprotected creatures might have had some 'ne to take their concerns in hand out o' the la'yers' way."

Scarcely half an hour after this sapient observation, Jim, the letter-boy, was seen rattling at full speed along the road from the Hall, spurring his pony as if to a winning-post. But though as much accustomed as the dragoon in the play, when doing his errands in the village, to

Stop at the widow's to drink,

on the present occasion he would hardly answer the eager questions of the good landlady of the Black Lion, who rushed to her doorway with inquiries about the po'shay. He was in search of the constable. He was come to beg Mr. Wigswell would lose not a moment in hastening to the Hall; for the new comers were indeed lawyers—lawyers intent upon a matter no less important than to take possession of the Hartington property in behalf of a new claimant!

According to their showing, the family was represented by Sir Mark Essenden Colston, Bart., the son of Mark Colston, Esq., of the Inner Temple, son of Sir Leonard Colston, Bart., the grandfather of the late Sir Clement, and consequently heir in tail.

"An imposition as contemptible as it is audacious!" exclaimed the man of business of the late Sir Clement, who fortunately happened to be in the house, receiving the instructions of Miss Colston, respecting the probate of the will. "Were any legitimate heirs of the late Mark Colston in existence, my client, Sir Clement, could not but have been aware of it. The want of male heirs in succession to the baronetcy, was, on the contrary, a source of considerable regret to the old gentleman; and I have no hesitation in protesting against the claim endeavored to be set up, as wholly groundless and untenable."

"It is by the highest court of the law of the realm, and not by a Lewes attorney, that its merit

must be judged," observed the individual (a hard-featured man, between forty and fifty years of age) by whom the movements of the London lawyers appeared to be directed. "A regular notice has been served, and I consider myself from this moment in possession."

"You, sir!" reiterated Mr. Aldridge. "Am I to understand that I see in *you* the person claiming to be Sir Mark Colston of Hartington?"

There was something so contemptuous in the question, and in its mode of utterance, as to provoke an equally bitter reply.

"If I am to judge from the representations of my ancestors which I see around me," said the stranger, glancing with a sarcastic smile at a few frightful family portraits adorning the walls of the library in which they were standing, "my personal dignity is not likely to be put to a very severe test by comparison with that of my predecessors. The picture of Sir Mark may surely hang, at some future time, without blushing, between those of his grandfather, Sir Leonard, and his great-grandfather, Sir Richard."

Aldridge, the faithful man of business of the poor baronet, whose remains were yet lying unburied in the house, looked as if he longed to retort that the man claiming to be Sir Mark was perhaps quite as worthy of hanging as his effigy; but he prudently restrained his feelings of indignation till the arrival of the gray-headed pastor of Hartington, to back him in resisting the unauthorized assumption of the impostor.

A few lines despatched to the rectory had apprized Mr. Wigswell, in a cursory manner, of the claim set up; and, being still more intimately cognizant than Aldridge of the branchings of the family tree of the Colstons, he appeared, on his arrival, not only far more indignant at, but far more certain of, the nefarious nature of the pretensions of the impostor.

"I am to understand, then, sir," said he, after having the matter briefly explained to him by Aldridge, in presence of the self-styled Sir Mark and his legal advisers, "that you assert the uncle of my late friend Sir Clement—Mark Colston, who died within the rules of the Bench—to have been legally married?"

"Legally married; and as having left legitimate issue."

"Legitimate issue?"

"By my mother, Elinor Mills, who died in his lifetime," added the unabashed Sir Mark.

"Nelly Mills!" cried Aldridge, shrugging his shoulders with a scornful smile, "This is carrying the impudence of the thing almost too far."

"Elinor Mills was a native of this parish, sir," added Mr. Wigswell, addressing the stranger with more gravity—"a farmer's daughter, who fell a victim to the vices of one of the least worthy members of the Colston family. The unfortunate connexion to which you refer, occurred some fifteen or twenty years before I became rector here. But I have frequently heard Sir Clement recur to the anecdotes current in his family, concerning the sensation created in London by the beauty and lively talents of his uncle's rustic mistress. If I remember, she went on the stage——"

"No matter, sir, her talents, or her beauty, or her vocation! Suffice it that her marriage with Mark Colston renders *me*, as you will find to the cost of this facetious gentleman's fair clients, lawful possessor of this house, and the property accumulated by the late Sir Clement."

"I perfectly remember," observed the rector, "hearing from that gentleman, that the only son of his uncle Mark, (the illegitimate child of Nelly Mills, born and baptized in this parish, before her public disgrace determined her to follow her seducer to town,) was bred to the law, at the expense of Sir John; but had turned out so ill, that he had never chosen to see him. Sir Clement also mentioned that, in order to break off all connexion with the family, he had given a sum of money, in redemption and discharge of the annuity originally promised."

"If baptized in this parish," eagerly interrupted Aldridge, "your registers would afford attestation of the fact."

"And so they do. The child was expressly described, by desire of Nelly's father, as the illegitimate child of Mr. Mark Colston—probably as affording some title to the bounties of the family. Many years ago I remember referring to the entry, at the time the donation was made by Sir Clement to the individual in question."

"In that case, you can have no difficulty in referring to it again," coolly observed the claimant, whose countenance, during the foregoing conversation, had indicated a thousand contending emotions of indignation and scorn. "To such an authority, I must perforce submit. I am content to be judged by the register."

"You will have no objection, then, to step down with me to the church. Across the park, it is scarcely a mile distant," observed the rector.

"I thank you; possession is nine points of the law," replied Mark Colston, puckering his shrewd features into a knowing smile; "and it is not my intention to make myself acquainted, for the present, with the windy side of my own hall door. I am installed here for good."

The rector, who had noticed the baggage of the new comer lying in the hall, knew that this was spoken in earnest. But he did not swerve from his duty.

"I never suffer the registers to quit their place in the vestry," said he. "If Mr. Aldridge and your legal advisers, sir, will accompany me to Hartington, while you remain here, I will satisfy their minds in an instant."

And on the general concurrence of the parties, the old-fashioned chariot of Sir Clement was ordered out, for greater despatch; and on the *soi-disant* Sir Mark Colston's undertaking not to intrude upon the ladies, (whom he styled his "fair cousins,") during their absence, away they drove as fast as the "fat and bean fed" horses could carry them.

The loungers on the green, who seemed to fancy that everything at the Hall must have expired with their little old landlord, actually shuddered when they saw the well-known vehicle approaching the village, at a rate of speed so unusual. Nay, when it reached Church-lane, and stopped at the gate of the churchyard, they stood transfixed, and wondering, as if they thought it possible it might contain the corpse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bright ran thy line, thou titled slave,
Through many a lordly sire;
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
To finish in a mire.

BURNS.

JOHN DOWNING, as has been already stated, was engaged in supervising the labors of the upholster-

ers, who were fixing the sable hangings and escutcheons in the old church, when the rector and lawyer made their appearance. In a moment, he was at Mr. Wigswell's side; and having opened the door of the vestry at his command, and furnished him with the keys of the register chest, he again retired into the chancel, to abide further orders.

Having closed the vestry door after him, in order to prevent the conversation of the strange gentleman (whom he naturally concluded to have come there on business connected with Sir Clement Colston's funeral) from being overheard by the workmen, he had no means of guessing what was passing within; or with what curdling blood would he have beheld the old register withdrawn from its place, and examined page by page, and name by name, by the venerable rector; at first with an air of eagerness, soon with looks of vexation and misapprehension, and at length almost with despair.

"It is very strange; I fancied I could have placed my finger on it at once!" cried the old man.

"The entry was a peculiar one. The entry was unique. In the early part of my ministry here, I noticed it hundreds of times. I thought I could point out the exact spot; and now, I find nothing of the kind."

"Your eyesight is not exactly what it used to be, my dear sir," rejoined Aldridge; and as the rector had pushed up his tortoise-shell spectacles on his forehead, during the conversation, there was no disputing the fact. "Let me have a look at the volume."

"With all my heart. But I suspect my experience is more likely to see clearly, on such an occasion, than your younger eyes," replied Mr. Wigswell, gladly ceding to his request.

"Previous to the year 1775, it is useless to run over the leaves," said Aldridge, perceiving that the rector had opened the book some thirty pages previous to the case in point. "Let me see. Ay; here we are in seventy-six." And with eager eyes and muttering lips, he continued to recite a series of names about as interesting to those present as the recital of the Doomsday Book. But to the illegitimate child of Elinor Mills, no more allusion than in that ancient muster-roll.

The man of business now began to look thoroughly discomfited. "This is a most unaccountable affair," said he. "But though you appear to be mistaken, my dear Mr. Wigswell, in fancying the illegitimate bantling of Mr. Colston, by Nelly Mills, to have been baptized at Hartington, the absence of any evidence to that effect goes very little way towards proving the legality of the claim set up upon the Hartington family. The person calling himself Sir Mark Essenden Colston, will have to prove his identity by a very different process. He must, in the first instance, afford us evidence of the marriage of his father and mother."

"In that, my employer will find little difficulty," observed the legal adviser of the new claimant. "Nay, I believe it can scarcely be more satisfactorily proved than in this very spot. Mrs. Colston, his late mother, was interred in the family vault."

"Nelly Mills interred in the family vault!" reiterated the rector, as if aghast at the audacity of such an assumption.

"And when it is open to receive the remains of the late Sir Clement," added the strange lawyer, "nothing will be easier than to institute a search for the body. The inscription on the coffin plate would clear up our doubts."

"In that case, let us proceed at once to the investigation," cried Mr. Wigswell. "The vault has been already opened. The workmen now in the church shall bring lights, and afford us the necessary assistance in moving the coffins."

And on the eager acquiescence of his coadjutors, he threw open the vestry door, and desired John Downing to provide them with a lantern. Still conceiving this proposition to regard the selection of the exact spot where the body of the deceased baronet was to be laid among the departed of his race, the clerk hastened to comply, by producing one of the vestry candlesticks; and watched with little surprise or interest the descent of the three strangers and Mr. Wigswell down the damp and almost perpendicular steps of the vault. The upholsterer's foreman was bidden to lead the way with the light, the worthy rector being desirous of sparing his infirm clerk.

One by one, the plates of the nearest coffins were read over: "Sir John Colston," "Sir Leonard Colston," "Sir Richard Colston," "Dame Margaret Colston, wife of Sir Richard Colston, Bart." "Dame Cecilia Colston, wife of Sir Leonard Colston, Bart."

"I have it," cried one of the strange lawyers. Taking a dirty brass candlestick from the hands of the workman, he threw the light full upon a coffin covered with a black cloth, but rendered shabby by a coating of cobwebs and mildew. "Mrs. Elinor Colston, wife of Mark Colston, Esq., aged 28 years," continued he, reading aloud from the plate, and as if mistrusting his eyes or words, both Mr. Wigswell and Aldridge pressed towards him, and read aloud, over his shoulder, "Mrs. Elinor Colston, wife of Mark Colston, Esq. ob. 3d Sep. 1780. 23 years."

"And now, gentlemen, what have you to say to it?" demanded the more consequential of the two lawyers. "Have you any further doubts to throw on the marriage, or on the legitimacy of my client? or do you admit the validity of his claim?"

The eloquence of poor Aldridge's reply consisted in silence. But it spoke wonders. No man likes to own himself defeated. Even after they had emerged from the noisome, unwholesome vault into the church, he uttered not a syllable; while Mr. Wigswell contented himself with observing, in a low voice, "All I can say is, that, if Sir Mark is able to substantiate his claim against that of his cousins, poor Sir Clement was as much deceived as myself. Sir Clement was fully persuaded of the non-existence of any male heir."

On their return to the hall a cabinet-council was held, in which the interests of the young heiresses were represented by Aldridge and Wigswell. It was agreed, on the part of Sir Mark, to place his claim under the scrutiny of whatever council they might suggest; the young ladies being at liberty to bring forward the best evidence they could collect in opposition. But both the law and the church admitted that it was useless to resist. The parochial archives had been examined; the grave had been forced to give up its secrets; and all the evidence produced was in favor of Sir Mark. If the late Sir Clement had so completely misapprehended the facts of the case, it was because he was so little at the trouble of trying to understand anybody's affairs—even his own; and filial piety towards the memory of his father, Sir John, had probably caused him to accept, unquestioning, all that had been told him of the uncle Mark who had lived and

died on such bad terms with his family. Wounded as was the pride of the Colstons, by the union of their heir-presumptive with an ill-reputed farmer's daughter, the nervous little baronet had doubtless closed his eyes to the possibility of successors in such a quarter.

Such, at least, was the moderate and equitable view of the case taken by Sophia and Cecilia, and their prudent mother. Hard as it would be to forego such an inheritance—an inheritance for which they had been reared—an inheritance which was to afford them the means of gratifying so many wishes, and effecting so many good actions—they did not allow themselves to be blindly led away by their conviction of their rights. On the contrary, the miniature found that morning by Miss Colston, —the beautiful miniature of "Nelly," appeared so strong a confirmation of the truth of the stranger's declarations, that they considered it necessary to appraise him of its existence, and place it in his hands.

"My mother!" cried he, the moment he caught sight of the little medallion; and in a tone of such heartfelt affection that he must have been either the man he called himself, or a man so artful, that, in deciding upon his identity, Solomon himself might have been deceived.

"One thing is clear," said Mr. Wigswell, at the close of the conference; "the merit of the two claims can only be decided by litigation; and for all your sakes, an amicable suit would be a better thing than a tedious contest in Chancery, advantageous only to the pockets of the lawyers. Should the right of this gentleman to the Colston title and estates be fairly made out, Sir Clement's bequest of his accumulations to his heirs-at-law, though arising out of a misconception, cannot but be confirmed by the court, as indicating a desire on the part of the testator that his personality should be applied to the improvement of his estates. I should therefore advise you, my dear Miss Colston, to incur no further responsibility here. The new claimant will either approve or countermand the preparations for the funeral, as he thinks proper; and you, I trust, will return with me to the parsonage, from whence, when the ceremony takes place, you will be able to pay that respect to the memory of your cousin which his solicitude for your interests, however unfortunately frustrated, entitles him to receive at your hands."

But the moment all opposition was withdrawn, it became the cue of Mr. Colston to assume a conciliatory tone. Disclaiming all intention of discourteous dealing towards those who, whatever might be their view of his pretensions, he could not regard otherwise than as his nearest surviving relations, he begged them to make his house their own, in a tone of exaggerated obsequiousness which caused all the blood in the frame of the proud Sophia to rise to her cheek.

So far from wishing to interfere with the arrangements of the funeral, he assured them that everything should proceed in the manner originally intended, and with the utmost deference to their wishes. He was prepared to sanction everything, to facilitate everything. Nay, conscious that, at present, he must be an object of mistrust to his future tenants, and compelled to no demonstrations of personal affection towards the deceased baronet, by whom he had been "so wantonly set aside," he proposed of his own accord to absent himself from the ceremony.

"God forbid," he said, "that he should be the

means of promoting feelings of hostility, or the smallest breach of decorum, on an occasion so sacred!"

All this sounded marvellous well; and poor Mr. Wigswell, whose faculties were no longer of the clearest, was beginning to melt a little towards the stranger. He even fancied he could discern about his mouth traits of expression bearing considerable resemblance to his lamented friend, Sir Clement.

But Mrs. Colston, who, better versed in the family history, persisted in regarding Mr. Mark Essenden Colston, or, as he called himself, *Sir Mark Colston*, as a specious impostor, continued to maintain towards him the utmost dignity of reserve; and gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. Wigswell, with whom, through a common interest in her future son-in-law, she had long been on cordial terms.

She conceded, however, to the desire expressed by Sir Mark, and seconded by that of the rector, who, as a man of peace, was anxious only for the general welfare of his parishioners—that nothing should transpire of the extraordinary circumstances in which the family was placed, till after the funeral. So beloved were the young ladies at Hartington, that it would have been difficult to answer for the consequences, had any notion got wind of wrongs meditated against their interests.

All, therefore, proceeded as before; and when the solemn bell announced that the funeral procession of the late Sir Clement had reached Hartington Green, and was winding slowly down Church-lane, Mrs. Colston and her daughters issued on foot from the Rectory Garden, and joined it in the churchyard.

But, even amid the general hush produced in that misty, breathless autumnal day, by the solemnity of the occasion, the bringing forth of one who had mouldered away his days in obscurity, to be deposited in the eternal obscurity of the tomb, whispers became rife throughout the throng, that all was not well at the Hall. Some great event had occurred in the Colston family, in which they were not permitted to participate.

The service, though read in the most affecting manner by the poor old rector, over his day-by-day companion of half a century, was listened to with comparative indifference. The living, and not the dead, engrossed the thoughts of the people.

But even after the stone had been rolled to the door of the sepulchre; even on the morrow, when all had returned to its accustomed form; even when the carriage, bearing away the young ladies they regarded as their own, bowled past them, to regain the London road; the mystery became all the more perplexing for the explanation vouchsafed them.

They were forced, however, to accept matters as they found them. Sir Mark Colston had already taken up his abode at the Hall; no matter whether he came there by virtue of inheritance, or of the will of the late Sir Clement. Like the young ladies, it appeared that he was "cousin" to the deceased, and, in virtue of his sex, the heir-at-law.

If the Miss Colstons had anything to say against it, there was the lord-chancellor to decide between them.

Meanwhile, the new baronet neglected no opportunity of acquiring popularity. To the old servants it was announced that the liberal bequest of

their late master would be doubled by his successor; and those who had petitions to prefer, from all corners of the estate, and those who had grievances to complain of nearer home, had only to present themselves at the Hall. Impossible for a new reign to commence under happier auspices!

Not a change was made in the establishment. At present, Sir Mark appeared to think he had no right to be better served than his venerable kinsman. He had already disclaimed all future preservation of game; he had already abandoned the far-famed trout stream to the recreations of his tenants. The only symptom of change apparent on the property was the employment of upwards of a hundred workmen, for the reparation of the roads, which, under the sceptre of the late stay-at-home proprietor, had indeed been shamefully neglected.

Those hitherto so contented began accordingly to congratulate themselves on having attained "better times." Sir Mark was clearly a man who chose to be up and doing. He was giving work to the poor and sport to the rich. Sir Mark would be an easy master and cheerful neighbor.

One man in the parish, however, took little share in these exultations. Not that he was in the slightest degree aware of the manner in which the heirship of Sir Mark had been brought about. He had no misgivings concerning the share his untrustworthiness had exercised in the mutilation of the register, and the affording an impression in wax for a false key to the church, by which the Colston vault was placed at the mercy of a swindler. But on beholding one of his two aged contemporaries laid in the grave, John Downing felt that he had reached the beginning of the end, and that his own term of judgment was at hand.

He could not bear to look forward. He could not bear to be *compelled* to look forward. He could have wished all things at Hartington to remain at a stand-still. Change was as alarming as it was painful.

When, therefore, the first Sunday came, which was to bring the parishioners and their new landlord face to face, under the roof of the house of God, he was the only individual present who experienced no curiosity to look upon his face; the only one who had not joined the groups under the lime trees, the preceding day, to say, "To-morrow Sir Mark will be at morning service: to-morrow we shall see Sir Mark!" What signified Sir Mark to him?

He heard the Hall carriage come grating down the lane; he heard the bustle caused by the entrance of the new comer, and his admittance into the family-pew of the Colstons, which exactly faced the pulpit. But he did not so much as raise his eyes from the book, in which he was marking out the psalms and collect of the day.

In another moment the service began.

"When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive!" recited the tremulous voice of the old rector; and lo! as John Downing uplifted his eyes, preparing to listen to the exhortation, they fell upon a face only too well remembered.

In Sir Mark Colston, in the new baronet of the Hall, he beheld the hateful stranger of Warlingwood!

From the Quarterly Review.

Lands, Classical and Sacred. By LORD NUGENT.
2 vols. London, 1845.

"Jr fus, tout le chemin, occupé d'un rêve assez singulier. Je me figurais qu'on m'avait donné l'Attique en souveraineté. * * * J'ouvrais des chemins, je bâtissais des auberges, je préparais toutes sortes de commodités pour les voyageurs; j'achetais un port sur le golfe de Lépanie, afin de rendre la traversée d'Otrante à Athènes plus courte et plus facile. On sent bien que je ne négligeais pas les monuments: tous les chefs-d'œuvre de la citadelle étaient relevés sur leurs plans et d'après leurs ruines. * * * Je fondais une université où les enfans de toute l'Europe venaient apprendre le Grec littéral et le Grec vulgaire. * * * J'encourageais l'agriculture; une foule de Suisses et d'Allemands se mêlaient à mes Albanais; chaque jour on faisait de nouvelles découvertes, et Athènes sortait du tombeau."

Such was the dream into which Chateaubriand says that he fell, when, in 1806, he was travelling, with his bridle on his horse's neck and his servant Joseph on foot before him, from Athens to Cape Colonna. The author of the "Itinéraire" could hardly have conceived that in forty years his dream would have been so literally fulfilled. The travellers who visited Athens at the close of 1843, or the beginning of 1844, would have found in these words an exact description of what they saw in Greece. In that winter, for the first time, an Austrian steamer had begun to ply from Trieste and Ancona to Lutraki on the gulf of Lepanto; and passengers were sent across the isthmus to Kalamaki, and reached the Piræus without the necessity of sailing round the Morea. The Temple of the Un-winged Victory was just rising to its restored perfection, on the site where it had stood before its stones had been worked up into the Turkish fortification. The lecture-room and library of the new University of Athens were completed; agricultural improvements were at least talked of; and carriage-roads had begun to be opened. And that multitude of Germans, who, since the time of Count Armanseperg, had swarmed in Greece, were hardly yet disentangled from the native population. We hardly know a more singular fulfilment of the words of an unconscious prophecy.

We speak of a visit to Athens in the winter. It would be difficult to say which is the more delightful—a winter spent in Athens—or a winter spent in Rome. The attractions of Rome are so powerful, that two or three thousand English are seen there every year; and it is a common saying, that if a man has lived three winters there, he can never bear to live anywhere else. Who, indeed, that has resided in Rome, can ever forget his evening walks on the Monte Pincio, when the sun was setting towards Ostia—or the purple range of the Sabine Hills which he has gazed at with insatiable eyes from the Villa Albani—or the wide uncultivated Campagna, where the sunshine has power to make perpetual desolation perpetually beautiful! And there is this peculiarity in Rome, that it seems to provide satisfaction for the cravings of every class of travellers. To the sickly and consumptive no place can offer so pleasant and soft a climate. How many families have been comforted in Rome! How many "wan and faded cheeks" have there "kindled into health!" And if Rome is more than a second Cheltenham for invalids, it is so for the lover of pleasure and dissipation. Rome has its

season;—its balls, its dinners, its card-tables: and for the last two or three winters we have heard of British hounds meeting at the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, for the chase of Latin foxes. To speak of pictures and statues would be absurd. Art and Rome would be inseparable words. Every one who aspires to be a painter or sculptor must go to Rome: so, too, must every one who aspires to the criticism of connoisseurship. There is more to be learnt in the galleries and studios of Rome than in almost all the rest of Europe. Nor are the treasures less rich which the same city presents to the eager grasp of the antiquarian. And while he has his Palatine and Coliseum, and ruined baths and temples, the student of ecclesiastical history has his old mosaics and mystic catacombs, eloquent of the earliest ages of Christianity, and (if a digression can be forgiven at the beginning of an article) eloquent of the earliest ages only; for a great and singular gap exists in the monumental records of Rome. While the traveller finds much to remind him of Augustus and Trajan, of the early martyrs, and of Gregory I., much also of Leo X. and Urban VIII. and Pius VII., he must go elsewhere for memorials of the great men of the intermediate times—Hildebrand, or Innocent III., or Boniface VIII. Rome might be defined as the city of the ancient Caesars, the city of modern art, and the metropolis of the monastic bodies. And we think that this last particular furnishes one of the characteristics fixed most strongly in the memory. Some of the most vivid pictures which the mind retains of this most impressive city, are the recollections of rough brown-hooded Franciscans loitering about the steps of the capitol—or of young Cistercians, in white and black, looking over the *Ponte de' quattro Capi* into the yellow Tiber—portly Dominicans in the library of the Minerva—carriages of red cardinals drawn up in front of the many-tongued Propaganda—and trains of long-robed ecclesiastical students filing over the slopes of the Viminal and Quirinal Hills.

Here we come in contact with subjects in which the Englishman cannot sympathize. There is so much of evil in the Roman system of religion, that we find ourselves called upon to control and arrest our feelings of affection for Rome, at the very point when, with all devoted adherents of the papal see, they begin to mount and kindle into enthusiasm. Here then we stay for a moment to remark, that the one unsatisfactory feeling, which makes Rome less pleasant than it otherwise would be, is absent from the mind of the sojourner at Athens. It is not that he will not see much to grieve him in the helplessness and miserable degradation, the abject superstition, the ignorance and poverty, of the eastern church; but he will not have before his eyes an organized body informed with a hostile and aggressive principle—a system into which evil has been riveted, and where error and truth have been crystallized together.

There are some contrasts between an Athenian and a Roman winter, which many would be more inclined to dwell upon. There are in Athens no long marble halls, peopled with statues; no stately galleries, hung with unrivalled pictures; there is no incessant influx of English strangers; the equipages which the traveller sees are few and mean; and he would inquire in vain for the ball of an English duchess, or the pack of an English earl. But warm receptions are not wanting—(as many would be willing to testify)—nor tokens of hearty kindness—at the hands of residents who speak our na-

tive language—English, Scotch, and American. Nor are the Greeks thought unworthy of affection or regard, by those who know them best. And what place is there in the world that can compare with Athens, for the beauty and impressiveness of its surrounding scenery, or for the silent eloquence of its ancient buildings? Who shall describe the beauty of an Athenian sunset, when violet-lights of all various tints descend from heaven upon the mountains—red-violet on Hymettus, and blue-violet on Parnes—when a soft yellow light is spread along the plain and rests on the front of the Acropolis, and kindles into a blaze on the peak of Lycabettus—the sun meanwhile sinking slowly behind Trezen and Epidaurus—and the bright surface of the Saronic gulf “gleaming like a golden shield!” Who shall describe the Parthenon, that noblest of ruins, which rises above the city like a crown of glory—or the wide river of grey-green olives, which flows round the bed of the Cephissus and down as far as the Piræus—or the fifteen Olympian columns which stand in magnificent disorder near the thirsty bed of the Ilissus? Rome has a modern history as well as an ancient. As the traveller ranges over the seven hills, now so desolate—and the Campus Martius, now so densely peopled—his mind wanders as much to Alaric and Riccio, to the Gregorys and the Medici, as to Romulus, or the Gracchi, or Augustus. And, as the different periods of the history of Rome are superposed one upon another, so also are its historic buildings. True it is, that the site of the ancient city is, upon the whole, visibly aloof from that of the present one; but still the existing remains are very inconveniently mixed up with modern buildings, or turned to modern uses. The Pantheon is a church; the Baths of Diocletian, once so noisy with the game of the *pila* and the recitations of poets, are turned into silent walks for Carthusian monks; the slopes of three of the hills are now so covered with buildings, that it requires careful scrutiny before their *contour* can be discovered; churches are built round about the Palatine, and on the pavement of Via Sacra, and side by side with ruined temples and triumphal arches. But in Athens the case is widely different.—The first thing the traveller sees on approaching Rome is the dome of St. Peter’s: the first thing he sees of Athens is the ancient Acropolis. (We wish we were not obliged to say that the second is the palace of King Otho.) And as it is at the outset, so it is throughout. While at Rome, the acquisition of a clear idea of the situation of the ground is, more or less, the result of study and labor—in Athens, the idea flashes on the mind at once, clear as the air of Attica itself, and sudden as the thoughts of the Athenians of old. From first to last—from the first sight of the projecting shore of the Piræus with its three illustrious indentations, to the base of Lycabettus—and from the sides of the many-delled Hymettus to the grove of the Academy—everything is eloquent of ancient Athens. To every well-informed traveller, everything is simply what he expected to find it. Any one, who has read the works of Dr. Wordsworth or Colonel Leake, will recognize instantaneously each feature of the ground and each building that survives; and, after a rapid walk of a few hours, may carry away within his mind a picture of the city of Pericles and Plato, which will never leave him till the day of his death.

What is true of Athens, as contrasted with Rome, is equally true of the whole of Greece compared with Italy; for Greece has had no modern

history of such a character as to interfere with the distinctiveness of its classical features. A modern history it does indeed possess, various and eventful, and on which much remains yet to be written;* but it has been of a *destructive*, not a *constructive* character—it has been, if we may use the expression, *self-destructive*. It has left nothing behind it which can spoil the bare beauty of those hills and plains where the battles of the ancient world were fought—no modern ornaments or modern deformities, which can hide those memorials to all ages of the greatness of Hellenic genius.

The distinctiveness with which Greece tells its ancient history is perfectly wonderful. In whatever part of it the stranger may be wandering—whether cruising in shade and sunshine among the scattered Cyclades, or tracing his difficult way among the rocks and along the watercourses of the Peloponnesus, or looking up to where the Achælus comes down from the mountains of Acarnania, or riding across the Bœotian plain, with Parnassus behind him and Cithæron before him—he feels that he is reading over again all the old stories of his school and college days—all the old stories, but with new and most brilliant illuminations. He feels in the atmosphere, and sees in the coasts, and in the plains and the mountains, the character of the ancient Greeks, and the national contrasts of their various tribes. Attica is still what it ever was—a country where the rock is always laboring to protrude itself from under the thin and scanty soil, like the bones under the skin of an old and emaciated man. No one can cross over from “hollow Lacedæmon” to the sunny climate and rich plain of Messenia, without sympathizing with the Spartans who fought so long for so rich a prize. No one can ride along the beach at Salamis, while the wind which threw the Persian ships into confusion is dashing the spray about his horse’s feet, without having before his eyes the image of that sea-fight where so great a struggle was condensed into the narrow straits between the island and the shore, with Aristides and Themistocles fighting for the liberties of Greece, and Xerxes looking on from his golden throne. No one can look down from the peak of Pentelicus upon the crescent of pale level ground which is the field of Marathon, without feeling that it is the very sanctuary where that battle *ought* to have been fought which decided that Greece was never to be a Persian satrapy.

If this is true of the history, it is still more true of the mythology of Greece. Who that wakes in the morning (though it be on the deck of an Aus.

* The History of Greece under the Romans has been ably written by Mr. Finlay—one of our now large class of learned and tasteful merchants—son of the late well-known member for Glasgow. The history of the Crusaders in Greece is a desideratum in our literature. Materials have been collected by M. Buchon, in his *Recherches et Matériaux pour servir à l’Histoire de la Domination Française en Orient*, (2 vols., Paris, 1840,) which contain an outline of the mediæval history of Greece—and his *Chroniques Étrangères relatives aux Expéditions Françaises Étrangères*, (1841,) in which the Greek “Chronicle of the Morea” is particularly interesting. He has, we believe, not confined himself to the editing of ancient records; and we understand that he might have been met, a few years ago, travelling industriously in Greece, and refusing to be interested in anything which had not reference to the Middle Ages. A traveller in Hellas, thinking only of Villehardouin and Guillaume de Champlitte, and the feudal principalities of the Morea, is an unusual phenomenon. But such are the writers from whom we are to expect the best elucidation of a dark and neglected subject.

trian steamer) to find himself in the bay of Napoli, and sees on the left the marsh where Hercules burnt off the hydra's heads, and Tiryns on the right, where he strangled the serpents in his cradle, and looks onward to the gorge in the hills where lies Mycenæ, the city of Agamemnon, and notices how all the mountains enclose the scene with a dark and awful barrier, but feels instinctively and in a moment that he is among the heroes of the Iliad and Oresteia? Who can pause in front of the sublime precipice of the two-peaked Parnassus—the poetic and historic, not the physical and natural Parnassus*—without understanding what the Gauls felt when the spirit of Apollo fell upon them, and they were filled with terror and amazement? Who can clamber up the low cliffs which overhang the sanctuary of Neptune at the Isthmus, and look alternately to the two seas which are spread on either hand, without feeling how singularly appropriate are the sacred places of Greece to the ideas with which they are associated?

The effect of this impressive association is not spoilt by the mixture of anything that is post-Hellenic. Occasionally, indeed, the traveller stumbles upon some brick ruins, such as he has seen in Italy, and his attendant hurries him on with the impatient exclamation, "*Non è antico, signore; è Romano.*" Turkish cannon-balls are found here and there among the fragments of broken columns; and in some of the towns in the Morea the lion of St. Mark is still seen sculptured on the walls. The Romans, the Crusaders, the Venetians, and the Turks, have each left enough behind them to show that they were once in Greece; but that is all. When we look up to the Apennines from Florence, it is quite as likely that we may think of Gregory VII. or Frederick Barbarossa, as of Catiline, fresh from the reproaches of Cicero, hastening to join the camp of Manlius. When we approach the bay of Naples, the thought of Conradin is as natural as that of Horace; and the campaigns of Hannibal are almost everywhere swallowed up by the more recent memory of Napoleon. But not so in Greece. We forget Villehardouin and Dandolo, and see only the country of Pericles and Leonidas.

One other general remark, we hope, may be pardoned—namely, that hardly any traveller has adequately called attention to the *hilliness* of Greece. Dr. Wordsworth has called it somewhere "an endless vicissitude of hill and valley," and the description is a very true one. This characteristic peculiarity is fixed indelibly in the memory by a ride across the Dieria, where peasants, just like the Thracian boors in Aristophanes, are ploughing here and there on the sides of the hills;—or by an excursion through Arcadia, where flocks are heard from the valleys below, bleating through the mist;—or by a cruise along any of the coasts, where a change of wind may be looked for at the passing of every new head-land. It is hardly possible to overrate the importance of this peculiarity, whether we are thinking of the resources and prospects of the present population, or the character and manner of living of the ancient Greeks, or the singular type of the scenery. We see here an explanation of

the imaginative worship associated with local sanctuaries—of the isolated growth of neighboring states—of Dorian and Ionian antipathies; and we cannot doubt that this same cause must have tended to promote that "unborrowed intellectual development" for which the Greeks stand conspicuous among the nations of antiquity. Though general propositions respecting the working of climate and physical agencies upon character are treacherous, yet we may venture to note certain improving influences at a time when they had no books to study, and no more advanced prejudices to imitate. To borrow the terse words of Mr. Grote:—

"Their position made them at once mountaineers and mariners, thus supplying them with great variety of objects, sensations, and adventures. Each petty community, nestled apart amidst its own rocks, was sufficiently severed from the rest to possess an individual life and attributes of its own, yet not so far as to subtract it from the sympathies of the remainder. So that an observant Greek, commencing with a great diversity of half-countrymen, whose language he understood, and whose idiosyncrasies he could appreciate, had access to a larger mass of social and political experience than any other man in so unadvanced an age could personally obtain."

How far this alternation of hill and valley, rock and plain, is forced upon our notice as a mere external characteristic of Greece, and as that which makes our recollections of it so vivid, will be acknowledged by all who have been there, even by those who care the least for historical associations. Our readers will forgive us if we quote here some of Dr. Clarke's words in his "valedictory retrospect" of 1816. Looking from Thessalonica upon the superb scenery of the mountain-chain of Olympus, he writes thus:—

"With the vivid impressions which remained after leaving the country, memory easily recalled into one mental picture the whole of Greece; because it is portioned out by nature into parts of such magnitude, possessing, at the same time, so many striking features, that after they have ceased to appear before the sight, they remain present to the imagination. Every reader may not duly comprehend what is meant by this; but every traveller, who has beheld the scenes to which allusion has been made, will readily admit its truth: he will be aware that whenever he closed his eyes, with his thoughts directed towards that country, the whole of it became spread before his contemplation, as if he were actually indulged with a view of it. In such an imaginary flight, he enters, for example, the *Defile of Tempe* from *Peria*; and as the gorge opens towards the south, he sees all the *Larissæan Plain*: this conducts him to the Plain of *Pharsalia*, whence he ascends the mountains south of *Pharsalus*; then, crossing the bleak and still more elevated region extending from those mountains towards *Lamia*, he views *Mount Pinus* far before him, and, descending into the plain of the *Sperchius*, passes the *Straits of Thermopyla*. * * * * * Ascending the top of *Parnassus*, he looks down upon all the other mountains, and plains, and islands, and gulfs of Greece. * * * * * Thence roaming into the depths and over all the heights of *Eubœa* and of *Peloponnesus*, he has their inmost recesses again submitted to his contemplation. Next resting upon *Hymettus*, he examines, even in the minutest detail, the whole of *Attica*, to the *Sunian Promontory*; for he sees it all, and all the shores of *Argos*, of *Sicyon*, of *Corinth*, of *Megara*,

* See a valuable essay on Greek topography in the first number of the "*Classical Museum*," by the Rev. A. P. Stanley. He remarks that the Parnassus of the poets is the rock as seen from below the fountain of Castalia, not the great mountain as seen from the Boeotian plain and the Corinthian gulf. He has pointed out too, in a very striking manner, how the field of Marathon may be compared to what we have called it above—a sanctuary.

of Eleusis, and of Athens. Thus, although not in all the freshness of its living colors, yet in all its grandeur, doth Greece actually present itself to the mind's eye; and may the impression never be removed! On the eve of bidding it farewell forever, as the hope of visiting this delightful country constituted the earliest and the warmest wish of his youth, the author found it to be some alleviation of the regret excited by a consciousness of never returning, that he could thus summon to his recollection the scenes over which he had passed."

Such is Greece at all times—such it was in the winter of 1843-1844; but there were certain circumstances at that time which gave a peculiar interest to this remarkable country. Athens was in a state of extraordinary and continued excitement. It was the time of the session of the national assembly, which was called together in consequence of the revolution of September 3, 1843, to form that system of government which has since been adopted as the constitution of the country.

"By processe and by lengthe of certain yeres
All stenten is the mourning and the teres
Of Grekès, by on general assent.
Than semeth me ther was a parlement
At Athenes, upon certain points and cas:
Amonges the which points yspoken was
To have with certain cuntries alliance,
And have of Thebanes fully obeisance."

That assembly, to which these lines from the "Knights' Tale" seem to suit themselves so naturally, was remarkable as a political event, and not less so as a spectacle and a show, and a curious study of human character. We are not aware that any description of this singular meeting has been printed in English, and we are glad to be able to present our readers with some account of it from a private journal, which has been placed at our command.

The circumstances of the revolution itself are sufficiently known—the nightly rising, the gathering round the palace, the long hesitation of the king, the stoic firmness of Kallergi, and finally the dispersion of the satisfied multitude. We will borrow by and by a page on that strange day from Lord Nugent. But first, we must say something of the general contents of his lordship's work, especially of the chapters on "Classical Lands."

We do not find in these volumes any passages that rival the brilliant painting or the caustic wit of Eöthen. They have more in common with the reverend and serious spirit which is among the greatest and most lasting charms of the "Crescent and the Cross:" but they do not, like that remarkable book, abound in personal incident. Lord Nugent, however, has been all his life a student; and his style of writing is greatly improved since we first reviewed him. His travels contain not a few specimens of vigorous description—of Alexandria, for instance, that most melancholy city, "its beauty gone," "its commerce passing through it without enriching its inhabitants," "having the look of a town lately visited by some great calamity"—of the Nile, and its waterfowl and kites, and herds of cattle swimming across with their Arab drivers, its palm-trees, and creaking water-wheels, and cupolas of Moslem tombs—and of Cairo, with its flies and donkeys, restless streets, and terrible ophthalmia. From Egypt his lordship travels across the desert to the Holy Land. Here we find the appearance of the towns well con-

trasted with that of the country he had left. Speaking of Bethlehem, (vol. ii., p. 13,) he says—

"The houses, even the meanest, are all roofed; and those small cupolas abound which give to the towns and to the houses of the Holy Land an air of comfort, and even of importance, in strong contrast with the dreariness of the uniform flat roofs, or oftener roofless mud-walls, of Egypt."

Passing by the four chapters on the city and vicinity of Jerusalem, we find (chap. viii.) a good description of the woodland scenery between Nazareth and the river Kishon; and again (chap. ix.) of the rough but magnificent journey from Beyrout to Baalbec:—

"The scenery became wilder and more grand at every mile as we advanced; the mountains rising in front in all their towering pride—pine-woods beneath them, and everlasting snow from half way upwards to the summit—each summit overlooked by three or four behind it, loftier than itself, and trenched to their foundations by precipitous valleys, through which foam 'the rushing water-floods, even the floods from Lebanon and from the tops thereof.'"

Many subjects of interest occur in the course of these journeys. At Cairo he had an opportunity of seeing Ibrahim Pasha, which he did not wish to repeat; and a more satisfactory interview with Mahomet Ali, whose keen eye, and courtesy of manner, and shrewd sententiousness made a great impression on him, as they do upon most travellers. "You are a young man from an old country—you find me an old man in a young country," is one of

* In the eighth chapter there is a description of Acre. Here Lord Nugent quotes from a Book of Travels by M. de Salle, (ancien Premier Interprète de l'Armée d'Afrique)—a shameful misrepresentation of one of Sir Sydney Smith's noble actions. The book was published in Paris soon after Sir Sydney's own death in the same metropolis. This note suggested to our memory some passages in the French *Expédition de la Morée*, a work which it is natural for us to notice on the present occasion, as containing much valuable information, not only on the antiquities of Greece, but also on its general condition since the war of independence. The expedition was conducted in three sections, with the view of pursuing different branches of inquiry, physical and antiquarian. They sailed from Toulon in 1829, and returned to Marseilles in 1830. In consequence of a fever which attacked them, when encamped at Argos, they were compelled to leave that neighborhood; and to this misfortune it is due, that the volumes containing the results of the expedition embrace some portion of Attica and the Archipelago, as well as the Morea. These volumes were published at various intervals between 1830 and 1833. They are copiously illustrated, and, above all, are accompanied by an excellent map of the Morea, which was the first good map of any portion of Greece, and must be the base of all subsequent ones. We think it strange that, in such a work, approved by the French government, occasion should have been found for any slanderous attack upon the English. It is hardly worth while to pause on such a sentence as the following, which is suggested by the sight of Capri and the memory of Tiberius:—"Le souvenir du scélérat couronné, qui, fatigué de puissance et de voluptés, termina sa honteuse carrière où Sir Hudson Lowe a commencé la sienne, ne me revint dans l'esprit que lorsque Caprée et ses remparts eurent disparu à mes yeux." But what are we to say of such a passage as that which occurs in a description of the Greek clergy, who are called, rather cleverly, *les parias du sacerdoce*? The writer says that there is this advantage in their low position, that they can be content to educate their children in a homely manner, without the necessity of maintaining, as elsewhere, a certain decorum:—and then he continues—"Aussi en Angleterre, par exemple, voit on les filles publiques se recruter principalement entre les demoiselles du clergé." Is there any French public that can enjoy this? The writer's name, nevertheless, is Bory de S. Vincent!

his characteristic remarks. There is a satisfactory explanation of the Egyptian magic, derived from Mr. Lane, and published with his consent, which we recommend to the notice of our readers: it would divert us from our purpose if we were to enter upon it here. Nor are we able to follow his lordship's inquiries into the topography of Jerusalem. They seem to be conducted in that very proper spirit which is midway between credulity and scepticism. We are not sorry that he demurs to Professor Robinson's topographical canon, that the traditions of the monks are not to be listened to, but those of the native Arabs to be adopted in their stead. Still less sorry are we that he finds great fault with those contrary writers who yield a constrained and fanatical obedience to all the old ecclesiastical notions on the localities of sacred scenes. We consider the chapters which relate both to ancient and modern Jerusalem as about the best to which our readers could be referred.

Our business, however, is not now with Egypt or Palestine, but with Greece. Lord Nugent left Corfu for Patras on the 20th of December, 1843. In the winter of that year a system of Austrian steamers had been (as we before stated) for the first time organized between Trieste and the Piræus, without the necessity of circumnavigating the Morea, passengers and goods being transported across the Isthmus of Corinth. He defers the description of Corfu to the conclusion of his second volume; he says something of Lutraki and Kalamaki, the two small harbors on the isthmus, the former of which is remarkable for a hot spring of "a temperature of near 100° Fahrenheit:" the latter he identifies by mistake with the *Cenchree* of St. Paul;* and then he gives a detailed account of all that he saw and heard at Athens. He speaks of the restoration of the Temple of the Unwinged Victory—examines and describes the remains of the upper and lower city—enters heartily into the cause of the Greeks, their Revolution and National Assembly. This visit is ended on the 28th of January, when he leaves the Piræus in a French steamer, which gives him occasion to lament over the small number of British packets seen in the Levant. "For one British ensign," he says, "in a Mediterranean packet, there are at least a dozen French and Austrian." Syra is the place where these lines of steamers intersect. The Greeks have now, in their passion for classic names, called it *Hernopolis*, in allusion to its mercantile importance. From hence Lord Nugent proceeds to Alexandria. He returns from the East in May, and pays another short visit to Athens, during which an antiquarian excursion is made to Bari. The deliberations of the assembly have now been closed, and the final result is the subject of further com-

mentary. The work closes with some notice of Corfu, and with an appendix on a visit which Lord Nugent paid to Delphi some years before, when governor of the Ionian Islands. Two excursions are mentioned in the first visit to Attica, which ought not to be passed over, from the valuable notices they contain of the battles of Marathon and Salamis. The probable position of the Greeks and Persians in the former of these battles, according to the views of Mr. Finlay, in whose company the excursion was made, is stated with clearness and precision; and from the observations of Sir James Stirling, an accomplished officer, at that time in command of the Indus, an account of the engagement at Salamis has been derived, more in harmony with the narrative of Herodotus, and more consistent with the peculiarities of the coast, than any which we have seen elsewhere. In the first of these excursions there is, further, an interesting notice of the ancient town of Aphidna, under the Acropolis of which Mr. Finlay's farm is situated; in the second, something is said of the curious group of ruins in the pass of Daphni, where, by a fountain and a modern inn, are seen the remains of a Turkish fort and a Byzantine church. "Here," says Lord Nugent, "as in all the other churches which have not been restored from Turkish desecration, the eyes of all the saints are bored through deep into the white plaster of the wall behind. It is a superstition of the Moslems, that these paintings themselves are evil genii, whose powers are destroyed when the eyes are put out."

But we turn from the consideration of all antiquities, classical or mediæval, to the Revolution and the Assembly. We said that we would take a description of the 3rd of September from the pages of Lord Nugent: we do not know where we could find one on the whole more faithful:—

"At two o'clock on the morning large bodies of men were seen moving from all quarters of Athens towards the open space in front of the royal palace. Two regiments of the line, with field-pieces and a few horse, were ordered from their barracks by the king to repair to the scene of this numerous meeting. They obeyed—they marched; but the soldiers had engaged themselves to each other, and to their leader, Colonel Kaleri, the commandant of the garrison, not to act against their fellow-citizens assembled in that cause, but to protect them from any violence which might be meditated against them, and at the same time repress any which might threaten the person of the king. The infantry and guns took up a position on each flank of the ground; the dragoons assembled near the centre, ready to carry intelligence or orders to distant places, if necessary; the picket on duty within the palace remained in their guard-room. The numbers of the people were every moment increased by detachments arriving from the country round: in two hours full twenty thousand were assembled. Remembrances the most likely to excite an assembly like this to outrage—remembrances of national pride insulted, of national rights assailed, of national resources squandered by foreigners, and remembrances of personal grievances, for almost every man had been a sufferer (!)—remembrances of injustice and confiscation, of inquest by torture, and punishment without trial—all these were the provocations fresh and rankling in the hearts without the palace. Within was the king, surrounded by some of the principal authors and agents of these crimes. . . . It was fortunate for the character and result of that night's and next day's proceed-

*This is not the only topographical mistake which we find in these volumes. For example, in p. 57, it is asserted that "the Pass of Daphni leads down between Cithæron and Corydellus," whereas Cithæron is altogether a separate mountain, and this pass nowhere approaches it. In p. 14 we read of "Parnes and Decelleia," as if Decelleia were not a fortress on Mount Parnes. The Theatre of Herodes Atticus is called "the Temple of Herodes Atticus," (p. 26,) and it is said, (p. 18,) that "after you have passed the Temple of the Unwinged Victory and the Propylæa, then it is that the Erectheum, *Minerva Polias*, *Pandrossium*, and Parthenon, are in turn presented"—as if the Erectheum and Pandrossium were not parts of one edifice, and *Minerva Polias* the goddess worshipped there. We might also point out not a few examples of false etymology and blundered nomenclature: but perhaps most of these things may have been set to rights in his second edition.

ings, that, by the king's own act, the dangerous counsel which it was afterwards avowed that — gave him was checked, and its execution prevented. In that crisis of doubt and peril, the advice given was to order the palace-guard to fire upon Colonel Kalergi, who was then on horseback under the palace windows, exerting with success the whole influence of his great and well-deserved popularity to preserve order, and quell any expression that could lead to tumult, or do violence even to the feelings of the king."—vol. i., pp. 87—90.

It would take up too much of our own space and of our reader's time, if we were to go through the narrative of all that happened during that day — of the long delay of hour after hour — of the reiterated demand of the people for a National Assembly or the abdication of the king — of Otto's tardy assent after twelve hours had elapsed — and, finally, of his appearance at the balcony, accompanied by Sir Edmund Lyons, along with the French, Austrian, Russian, and Prussian ministers.

"Thus ended that memorable day. The people dispersed tranquilly and joyfully, leaving the palace square, in which twenty thousand persons had stood for twelve hours, without trace of a mob having been there; not one of even those small and almost harmless evidences of excess, which mark mob-rule even in its happiest and best-satisfied humor. Not a window of the palace, or of the surrounding buildings, was broken; not a word of disrespect had been spoken against the king's person; the Bavarian officers living in the town had been subjected neither to molestation nor insult; and of the reed fence — for there was nothing more to separate the palace-gardens from the place where twenty thousand persons, for so many hours, had awaited a crisis, in which no retreat was left, save in the full attainment of their demand or the dethronement of the king — of that frail fence not a reed was displaced."—vol. i., p. 96.

It is impossible not to wonder at the moderation of a meeting, called together so irregularly under circumstances so exciting, or to withhold our agreement from the terms of Lord Aberdeen's despatch of October 25th:—

"It cannot be denied that great credit is due to the Greek nation for the manner in which they appear to have universally conducted themselves on this important occasion, so different from the example afforded by countries more advanced in civilization."*

To enter into the causes of this revolution would be to go far back in a very troubled history. We would rather treat it as a *fait accompli*, and pass on at once to the National Assembly, which was its first result. This Assembly met on the 30th of November, and when Lord Nugent returned in May, the constitution had received the royal assent, and the writs were issued for the election of members for the first parliament of the Hellenic kingdom.

Our account of this assembly consists of some desultory extracts from the MS. journal to which we have alluded. The traveller, whose materials we borrow, seems to have arrived in Greece at a fortunate time—about the middle of December—when the public business was fairly begun and already in active progress.

"(Thursday, Dec. 14th.)—We find immediately that the National Assembly is the one subject

which is exciting all the little Athenian world. About the little *cafés* and scanty billiard-rooms in the long street, which extends from the bazaar at the foot of the Acropolis to the open country in the direction of the Academy, there is an unusual concourse of Greek gentlemen—gayly-dressed and narrow-waisted figures—with white kilts and fierce moustachios, who lounge to and fro, and linger to dispute with eager gesticulations. Everybody is talking of the Assembly, indoors and out of doors. Some things we learn before visiting the meeting itself. It is clear that Sir E. Lyons is exercising a great influence in all the proceedings. Among the Greeks *Mavrocordato* seems at present to be the most conspicuous. The deputies are 230 in number. Hitherto they have been occupied, *first*, in fixing the rules of the house; *secondly*, in electing a president, secretaries, and other officers; and, *thirdly*, in appointing committees on the address, the constitution, &c. As regards the constitution, the great difficulty is expected to be found in the question of the 'Upper House.' The address is to be considered on Saturday, which people say will be a stormy day. The soldiers, who took part in the revolution, are anxious to have some clause introduced, securing to them an indemnity from any future displeasure of the king: and the radicals would be glad to take advantage of this desire, for the purpose of introducing a pointed mention of the 3d of September, which all moderate men would consider a gratuitous attack on his majesty's feelings.

"(Saturday, 16th.)—If I had seen only one meeting of this remarkable Assembly, that sight, with my first day on the Acropolis, would have been worth a journey from England. The room of meeting is the king's ball-room, and it is exactly large enough for the members. It is arranged in the French manner, where the deputies are seated in a semicircle, and the president in the centre, with his secretaries on each side of him, and a bell near his right hand to keep order in the house. Round the outer circumference are the more important spectators, the *corps diplomatique*, and a few ladies, some of whom wear the Greek head-dress, which is simply a red cap placed elegantly on the side of the head. One of them is Catherine Botzaris, maid of honor to the queen, and beautiful as her father was illustrious. An open gallery, on one side of the hall, contains a number of more ordinary visitors, among whom I observe several priests, whose black head-dresses and long beards harmonize well with their grave and earnest faces. The hall is hung with red curtains, and at each end are the names, conspicuously written, of the heroes that fell in the war of independence. I could not help feeling some emotion, as my eye ran over the names of Colocotroni and Mavromichali, and Botzaris and Odysseus, and rested on an engraving which was suspended in front of the president, representing the first raising of the standard at Kalabryta by an archimandrite of Megaspelon. The acting president is Mavrocordato—the real president, who sits by him, being too old for the active duties of his office. He is more than 100 years of age—some say 103, others 107—and he has been president of every National Congress since the commencement of the earliest revolution. Corinth is his native town. He is now thin and emaciated, but, we are told, in the full possession of his faculties; and we looked with no ordinary interest on one who has seen and survived so much. To turn now from the office-bearers to the deputies

* Earl of Aberdeen to Sir E. Lyons, October 25, 1843; Papers laid before the House of Commons, March 14, 1844.

themselves, never was there a parliament so calculated to engross a stranger's attention. Two thirds of the deputies wear the national costume; and the Greek costume, in both its varieties—the white kilt or Albanian fustanella, and the broad blue Hydriot trowsers—is perhaps the handsomest in the world. I must wait for another day to learn the names of the most conspicuous. A young man near me caught my especial attention, from the unusual splendor of his dress and the long tresses which streamed down his back. This is the Greek fashion. The modern Greeks are 'long haired,' like their Homeric ancestors. The last speaker before we entered was a hard, rough-looking Macedonian, not long ago a notorious robber. The adjournment was moved almost immediately; but I had time to discover that my ear could not follow the pronunciation of the speakers, except when the printed Greek was before me—as when the secretary read the address, which had just been presented by the committee. In coming in and going out, I could not help observing of how great importance tobacco seemed to be, as a help to the debate. The ante-room (the lobby) was saturated with the smell of it, and on the tables were copious supplies of the weed for the use of the members who were strolling in and out. Another Eastern custom, too, was observable here, as elsewhere in Greece, viz., the use of a string of beads, like that which is so often seen dangling in the hands of the Moors on the Barbary coast. It is not a rosary, but simply a plaything—a help, perhaps, to meditation, but nothing more. We came, however, in contact with one religious observance, which was likely to have put a slight impediment in the way of the business of the assembly. At the moving of the adjournment there was a little hubbub among the members, which caused a smile among the bystanders. Monday happened to be the feast of St. Nicholas, and there was some unwillingness to meet on such a day for the discharge of public business. The Greeks are remarkable for the number of their festivals and for the conscientiousness with which, on these occasions, they observe the ceremony of idleness.

“(Monday, 18th.)—Festival of St. Nicholas.—

There is the same custom here, which prevails in some other continental countries. Every one whose name is *Nicholas* is called on to-day by his acquaintances, to whom he presents sweetmeats after the usual fashion of Greek hospitality. I was told that some good music was to be heard at the Russian church in honor of the emperor, but I could not stay to hear it without absenting myself from the National Assembly. I had a good seat near the Austrian and British consuls. Near me was the dark, thin face of the Austrian minister, and the French admiral's round, good-humored countenance, and the white hat and large features of M. Piscatory, who is far more like an Englishman than a Frenchman. On the same bench was Sir Edmund Lyons, our own minister, and Sir James Stirling, the commander of her Majesty's ship the *Indus*. But my attention was drawn more to the deputies than the spectators. That dark man with aquiline nose and small moustache, just under Sir Edmund Lyons, is *General Church*, whose life and feelings have been identified with Greece. The black, round-featured man near him is *Bodoris*, the member for Hydra. These are both in the Frank dress. But there is one beyond them, who looks as though he disdained what is not national. His Greek coat is bordered with fur; his tall red cap is placed firmly on his

head; and his massive countenance never moves through all the changes of the debate. This is *Coletti*, the leader of what is called the French party, as *Mavrocordato* is of the English; but *Mavrocordato* wears the Frank dress, and so does *Metaxa*, the head of the Russian party, who spoke at great length. He is a tall man, with projecting moustache, and his clothes hang loosely about him, as if he were a scarecrow sent by the emperor. He speaks calmly and persuasively, not without an appearance of that cunning for which his enemies give him abundant credit. *Londos*, a member of the ministry, is a little, round-headed man, who is seen moving about in the middle of the assembly; and there, too, is *Kallergi*, the hero of the 3rd of September. A small military cap is on his head, and he is not in any way to be distinguished in appearance from the commonest of the common soldiers. The swearing in of a new member took place to-day. It was an interesting sight, and certainly the most solemn oath I ever saw. All rose and took off their hats; the head of the priest alone was covered. He stood in front of the president—a bearded man, with long dark robes, grave and humble in his attitude and the expression of his countenance, having a New Testament marked with the cross resting upon his left arm. The words of the oath were repeated after dictation, and then the book was reverently kissed, and the member took his seat.

“(Wednesday, 21st.)—This again was an interesting day at the Assembly. Affairs had ended yesterday in rather a critical position, and high words had been used in the course of the debate. One man had said to another repeatedly—‘This is not a camp, this is not a camp!’ The other said—‘You ought to be ashamed to speak so; were it not for the camp, there would have been no National Assembly for you to speak it in.’ This was *Griezotis*, a member from Negropont, a man of determined aspect, who sits in front of the president. I am told that he can neither read nor write, but that he is possessed of a strong and masculine understanding. Near him is *Grivas*, with the most showy dress and the narrowest waist in the Assembly. He often speaks with great liveliness, though his talent is not remarkable. He comes from the north-western frontier, and, like *Griezotis*, is a powerful chief in his own locality. I saw him the other day, in one of the streets, walking with a tail of kilted followers behind him, to whom he turned round now and then with a toss of the head and a curl of the mustachio which were infinitely amusing. Both these men are said to have been formerly appointed *capitani* to keep the peace under the Turks. So, too, was *Macriani*, who is conspicuous in his woollen jacket, and whom I heard speaking with so much vehemence on Monday. To-day I observed a beautiful boy come into the Assembly, and was told that he is a son of the *Colocotroni* who is now in exile. A brother of the same *Colocotroni* is one of the deputies. He is a mean-looking man, and wears the Frankish dress. The business of the day began with the reading of the transactions of yesterday: then a dozen members were chosen to compliment the queen on her birth-day to-morrow: and then came the great question—in what method the address was to be debated, whether paragraph by paragraph (*παράγραφοι πρὸς παράγραφους*) or otherwise; and an immense hubbub arose, chiefly, I think, because these unsophisticated legislators were troubled and perplexed by technicalities. The votes were taken,

not by a division, but by calling over names; and we retired while this was going on. We afterwards heard that the result was such as to leave the Radicals in a considerable minority. These Radicals are, for the most part, laywers and editors of newspapers—and, as in most countries, include among themselves many of the best speakers. One general remark, which struck me not a little, was made concerning the speeches in this assembly. Those speakers who addressed themselves to the feelings and passions were listened to with far less attention than those who spoke to the reason and judgment. This *génie de bon sens* seems to be a national peculiarity of the modern Greeks; and such a peculiarity in a half-civilized people gives the best prospect of their future improvement."

It would be tedious to enter into a detailed account of the debates in this assembly. We would rather take up two or three of the main topics which were discussed that winter with so much earnestness, both in and out of Greece.

The first of all these was, whether Greece ought to have a constitution at all—whether, now that the Greeks were part and parcel of Christendom, they ought to be governed, like a free people, on the representative principle. There are some who would answer this question very promptly—who have such a horror of the stagnation of a despotism, and such a profound belief in the purifying power of parliamentary storms, that they could not hesitate to give an answer in the affirmative. We are not of that number. But there were circumstances in the condition of Greece at the close of 1843 which convince us that a constitution was called for. In the first place, the only other alternatives (so far as we can see) were, a native democracy of wild, half-civilized Greeks, or an oppressive despotism exercised by a foreign power. The existing Bavarocracy (the Greeks, who are as fond of puns as ever, used to call it *barbarocracy*) had become impossible. Unless a free government, based on the constitutional systems of Western Europe, were adopted, nothing remained for Greece but (on the one hand) disorganized assemblies and unruly palikars, turbulent debates and bloody quarrels, or (on the other) a military occupation by Russian, or Austrian, or French troops. In the second place, if Greece, so lately transferred from Islam to Christendom, were to be cordially welcomed into the family of European nations, this could hardly be done effectually except by incorporating into its government some of the ideas of modern Europe. We live, whether for good or evil, in what may be called a constitutional period. England and France had battered to pieces the Turkish and Egyptian ships at Navarino; and it is to England and France that Greece will naturally look for sympathy and education, and for the ideas which are to regulate her legislative and administrative proceedings. But beyond and besides all this, there was one marked characteristic in the Greek population which made a representative government peculiarly suitable to it—we allude to the *municipalities*, which had existed all through the middle ages, and had firmly maintained their position in the midst of all the battles and fluctuations of the Byzantine, Frankish, and Mahomedan dynasties. Through a history more strangely marked by strong and violent contrast than that perhaps of any country in the world, the Greek villages have been governed, like the *ayuntamientos* of Spain, by their own *alcaldes*, with their own laws. It is not to our purpose to trace the history

or to describe the details of these institutions, but it was through them, in the main, that the Greeks were enabled to raise themselves, under a hostile government, to anything like a political position; above all, to this is due the preservation of their character and the continuity of their religion, and that moral fitness for self-government which is the peculiar circumstance to which we wish to direct attention. This was strongly pointed out by Mr. Urquhart in 1833. He says, in reference to the first rising of the Greek population to throw off the Turkish yoke—

"But a very few days subsequent to the elevation of the white cross of Constantine as a recovered national emblem, an assembly was held of free Greeks. Throughout the revolution an intelligent attachment has ever manifested itself for a representative form of government. To what can this national conviction, or rather feeling, be referred, save to the remote influences of the municipal system!"—*Turkey and its Resources*, ch. iv., p. 75.

And he goes on to speak of the wonderful elasticity with which the people returned to the habits of peaceable industry after many years of war and bloodshed, as attested by a despatch written by Count Bulgari to Count Nesselrode, under the dictation of Capo d'Istrias. This also he refers to the same cause—the system of local administration. To the same effect we might quote Mr. Finlay's pamphlet, written three years later:—

"It may appear surprising," he says, "that so simple a circumstance as the existence of popular village magistrates should have exercised so extensive an influence on the moral condition of the Greek nation. But let Englishmen reflect that the foundations of their own liberty were laid in the Tythings and Hundreds of Saxon times rather than in the Wittenagemotes; for while the Normans overthrew all traces of the latter, the spirit of the Saxon communal administration preserved that moral strength which, with the amelioration of society, ripened the Norman despotism into the British constitution. We fear not to say that Greece has found her national spirit as well preserved by her Demogerontias as England had hers by her Hundreds."—*The Hellenic Kingdom*, p. 42.

A nineteenth century constitution, however, cannot exist without an "upper house;" and this, in the winter of which we are speaking, was a far more serious subject of discussion. The constituent assembly took the *representative principle* for granted; but the other question was to be debated, both in its foundation and its details. The debate occupied an enormous length of time; and not only was the assembly engrossed by the subject, but over the whole country it was incessantly talked of. "Ought there to be an upper house at all? If the members of it are to be hereditary, like the English peers, where are we to find a suitable aristocracy? If elective, are they to be members for life as in France, or for a term of years as in Belgium?" These were the questions which were agitated from one end of Greece to the other. We do not know that we could give a better illustration of the state of things than by another extract from the journal of which we have already availed ourselves. It is not always easy to detach those passages which relate purely to politics; but fragments of the context will not spoil them for our use:—

"(Jan. 1, 1844. Athens.)—We begin our excursion with the new year. The great topic we

leave behind us is 'the upper house' (*ἡ ἄνω βουλή*) * * * * This morning I was walking through the town when I met Sir E. Lyons, who gave us charge to talk to all the people in the provinces about this upper chamber, persuading them that experience has shown that such a chamber is necessary. 'And tell them that, if possible, the members must be chosen by the king: indeed otherwise he will not sign the constitution.' Thus, said he, 'you may do good service to the state.'

"(Kephalaria, Jan. 4.)—I am likely to remember this spot as long as any which I have seen in my journey. The stream, which is supposed to come from the Lake of Stymphalus, bursts out into the exuberant life of a full-grown river from the base of a rock, like the Aire in Yorkshire from under Malham Cove, and runs off without delay freshly and clearly towards the sea, turning the wheels of some mills on its way. In the face of this rock is a large cavern, where, and in an enclosed area in front, a flock of beautiful sheep were resting. It was just such a cave as that of Polyphemus, nor could any description have been so appropriate as some passages from the *Odyssey* or *Æneid*. To make the scene perfect, the moon was at the full, and shed the loveliest of gentle lights on the water and the sheep, while the cavern lay in deep and silent shadow. * * * * The scene was not uninteresting in the khan, where the *khanjee* and all his family were seated round the fire. Some political conversation came on, when he spoke in strong terms against the upper house, saying that some members of assembly would be murdered if they voted for it. As for himself, he cared little about it, if only the system of taxation could be altered. He complained bitterly, and said that he had found it necessary to cut down all his olive trees. There is a tax on fruit-trees in Greece, and this is sometimes a temptation to the destruction of orchards.

"(Tripolizza, Jan. 6.)—Here we had a pleasant insight into the interior of a true and unsophisticated Greek family. Our host had been a merchant, in the times when Greek merchants were prosperous, and had travelled much; but he lost two ships in the Black Sea, and then turned warrior at the siege of Tripolizza. Of the children, Otho and Chariclea sat at table, with Sophia the eldest—and Penelope and Plato waited on us. The lady of the house wore a red cap on the side of her head, and sat by the hearth, where the dinner was cooked and whence it was taken as we wanted it, dish by dish. Dinner being over, we retired to the adjoining room, where our host took his long pipe of thorn-stick, and coffee was served in the Turkish way, in very small cups and very sweet. * * * * As to politics, our friend's notion was, that the upper house should consist of seven members, three of them chosen by the king; and that they should hold their office for six years, at the end of which period the constitution should be revised. As to the king's not signing, he had signed what he had been told to sign on the 3d of September, and what the assembly gave him to sign he must sign.

"(Sparta, Jan. 10. The bishop's house.) One of our visitors, Kyrios Jatrako, was taken prisoner at Navarino, along with young Mavromichali, in an engagement when almost all the other Greeks were killed. He is a fine-looking man, with a face deeply furrowed, and an eye like that of a hawk—one of the most beautiful of eyes, and a common one among the Greeks. He is a great boaster. To

us he is full of the most eager complaisance, saying that we ought indeed to be cordially received here, seeing that we belong to the *kump* (*τὸ χῶμα*) of the three powers, who have done so much for Greece. Even ordinary men (*μικροὶ ἀνθρώποι*) from England should be welcome, but especially such as we. * * * * A report (a false and premature one) was spread here the day before yesterday, that the constitution was finally ratified, with an upper house consisting of twenty-four members, elected by the king. Jatrako says that the nation is quite opposed to the idea of an upper chamber; but, for himself, he leaves the matter in the hands of the three powers, to whom Greece owes everything.

Two of the three powers, acting through their representatives, Sir Edmund Lyons and M. Piscatory, did actually contribute much towards the settlement of this question. The ultimate decision was, that the upper house (*γερονσία*) should consist of sixty members—half the number of the deputies in the *βουλή*, or lower house. They are chosen by the king, and retain their seats for life. So much for the Greek house of lords.

The next great question was whether the Greeks should have a *hereditary king*. There are some who would rather have seen Greece made into a republic, after the fashion of South America; and thoughtful men have looked forward to a time when the Christian inhabitants of European Turkey (Hellenic, Slavonic, and Albanian) should be united in a confederacy like that of the cantons of Switzerland, and at once an aggressive movement against Mahomedanism, constituting a breakwater against the aggressions of Russia. As to the propriety of Greece being made a republic, it is evident that the same arguments which vindicate the propriety of a constitution, prove the necessity of a hereditary king. If Greece is to have its institutions framed upon the ideas of 1830, it must have a king. Still more so, if it is to be taken into the European system, and recognized as a nation, not only by England and France, but by Austria and Prussia. These two governments might be very well disposed to hate the representative part of the constitution, but they could never be persuaded to consent to the loss of the monarchical element. They would readily acquiesce in absolutism, but never could they have tolerated democracy—more especially as the king already placed on the throne by the three powers is a German.

Otho the First has been so long the laughing-stock of the newspapers, that it is a hazardous task to attempt to defend him. What everybody says, everybody believes. For years past it has been the fashion with journalists and travellers to *reclio* "A wretched Bavarian importation." "A putty-faced puppet!"—"Poor Otho!" Who can answer a sneer? as Paley said of Gibbon. There is no doubt that the position of this young Bavarian prince in the newly-formed kingdom of Greece has always been a very helpless one; but the circumstances in which he is placed ought rather to excuse him than to make him ridiculous. We do not imagine that he is a selfish man, or indifferent to the welfare of Greece; but we think that he has been too much surrounded by selfish advisers, and that a number of Germans, who affected to treat the Greeks with the utmost contempt, were long most unwisely placed in the lucrative offices, both civil and military. When national talent was pertinaciously thrust out from participation in the counsels of the government—when exotic *employés* were

pocketing the money of a nation which was perpetually drawing closer and closer to the verge of bankruptcy—when an eminent professor (he is not now living) could amuse himself in vexing the Greeks by depreciating the literature of their ancestors, and saying that with all men of taste Cicero was preferred to Demosthenes—who can wonder if the whole nation should rise as one man, with a feeling of indignation like that of the Saxons against the Normans in the times which succeeded the conquest? “These Bavarians treated Greece as if it were their kitchen-garden:” so said in our hearing a Greek ecclesiastic. “They have been learning to shave on our heads,” is another of their significant phrases, quoted by Mr. Finlay. The real wonder is, that they had not long ago forced the king to abdicate, and sent him and his German colonels, surgeons, and professors back to Munich, with all that low rabble of adventurers who might be seen, at the beginning of Lent in 1844, on the deck of the Trieste steamer, returning as poor as they came. When we consider, too, the bitter hatred of races—the *rabies ethnica*—which must have aggravated so much the feelings between the Greeks and the Germans, and the busy intrigues of Russia, who would have wished nothing so much as the expulsion of the king, we can hardly fail to see a strong proof of the discriminative judgment of the Greeks, and a strong testimony to his majesty’s unselfish character. They received him with enthusiasm when first he came in 1833; that enthusiasm was redoubled when he brought his queen in 1837; and now, in 1843 and 1844, their feelings of loyalty and attachment survived the shock of a national revolution.

We have a good hope that the course of future events in Greece will show that King Otho’s character has been much depreciated. And already we see symptoms of a more kindly and liberal tone in the opinions expressed of his acts. In Lord Nugent’s book we do not remember any contemptuous expressions concerning him. Our own notion of him, gathered from the conversation of various persons in Athens, (and we have heard him extravagantly praised, and mercilessly laughed at,) is that he is not without a certain Bavarian blunder-headedness, which often hinders him from seeing the main point of a question, and that this blunder-headedness is coupled with no inconsiderable amount of obstinacy; but that he is thoughtful, earnest-minded, and pains-taking. We are far from supposing that he is a man of much ability. The Greeks themselves do not think him clever. “No brains!”—(οὐ μὲν οὖν)—said a Greek bishop to us one day, tapping his own head merrily. There were two other complaints in reference to King Otho, made by the same ecclesiastic, so expressive of the two great wants of Greece, that we cannot avoid quoting them. “We ought to have had a rich king,” he said—“Prince Leopold, or the Duc de Nemours; and then there would have been no difficulties about the loan; now the three powers will never see a *Lepta*.” The words came from his very heart. No one who has had the opportunity of talking with the Greeks can have failed to perceive their deep poverty, and the deep feeling with which they think of it. The subject of the other complaint is a cause of still greater dissatisfaction. “He has no children,” said the bishop; and he said it with a most grave countenance.

The birth of a young prince, to be the heir of the constitutional throne, and to be baptized and

educated as a member of the Greek church, (and to this the king has pledged himself by solemn assurances,) would cause a burst of universal joy from one end of the Hellenic kingdom to the other. There would be no fear of a Duke of Leuchtenberg hovering on the coast of the Adriatic—no anxiety about Russia subsidizing the Greek clergy—no dread of Philorthodox plots or Nappist confederacies. It would be the happiest event that could happen to Greece,—possibly a happy one for all Europe; for no one can compute the extent of mischief which may hereafter result from a disputed succession to the throne of this little kingdom.

One weighty topic still remains, but Lord Nugent has said little upon it. Among the strongest feelings of the Greeks—those at least who have not been sophisticated by French infidelity or German rationalism—is a passionate and determined attachment to the discipline and ritual of the “Orthodox Church of the East.” The importance attached to this subject is shown by the length of time which it occupied in the debates;—and points were raised wonderfully like those that have been of late years so much agitated nearer home.

What are to be the relations of church and state in Greece? What in theory, and what in practice? Ought the church to be independent, on the principle that has rent asunder the Presbyterianism of Scotland? or ought it rather to be a department of state-administration, as the Evangelical church of Prussia? Or in what precise position is it to be found, between the limits of Erastianism on the one hand, and Independency on the other? Practically, no doubt, it is dependent on, and subservient to, the state—but theoretically not so.

The two first of the 107 articles of the new constitution relate to religion: and the second is in these words:—

“The orthodox church of Greece, holding our Lord Jesus Christ as its head, is indissolubly united in doctrine (*δωγματικῶς*) with the great church in Constantinople, and every other Christian church of like doctrines, keeping unalterably, as they, the holy apostolical and synodical canons, and the holy traditions; but is *self-governed*, (*αὐτοκυβερνῶν*;) managing its own absolute rights independently of any other church—and is administered by the Holy Synod of Bishops.”

The last clauses of this article suggest another question. What are the relations of the Hellenic church with the other branches of the “Orthodox Church of the East?”—not with the Armenian church, or the Nestorians of Chaldaea, or the Monophysites of Egypt;—with these it has had no connexion for ages;—but with the other branches of the *Greek church*, properly so called—that ancient communion, which embraces the whole of Russia, and a large portion of the subjects of the Turkish empire, and still boasts its patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem and Constantinople. The Russian church has long been independent of the see of Constantinople. The first step in its independence was the consecration of a patriarch of Moscow. Subsequently, this patriarchate was abolished, and since the time of Peter the Great it has been governed by a commission of bishops, called “the Holy Synod.” Such, too, is now the position of the church of Modern Greece. The phrase of the constitution is, as we have seen, “dogmatically, not canonically, united”—i. e., while it adheres to the decrees of the same councils as the church of Constantinople, and holds the

same formularies as to matters of *doctrine*, it administers its own *discipline* in perfect independence of that see, and in harmony with the government of the country to which it belongs. This independence was the subject of much debate. There was a large party who would have wished to keep up the old supremacy of the see of Constantinople—not so much because they hold this supremacy necessary, or viewed the Patriarch at all as Roman Catholics do the Pope—but from a feeling of veneration, and because the connexion was an ancient one, and in many respects convenient. The maintenance of the connexion would, for obvious reasons, have been agreeable to the Emperor of Russia, and to the Patriarch himself; but the advocates of ecclesiastical nationality prevailed. In illustration of the views of this latter party we will translate a few sentences from a pamphlet published at the time in Athens:—

“The title of Patriarch denotes not any superior grade of priesthood, but only a position of administrative superiority, defined by an œcumenical synod of bishops, and sanctioned by the supreme political power:—whereby also it is oftentimes abolished for the advantage of the state or the church; as by Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, the dignity of Patriarch of Russia was done away with, and a synod set up to administer the affairs of the church under the supreme supervision of the political power. * * * * * The eastern church has never loved absolute ecclesiastical monarchy, looking upon it as dogmatically opposed to the command of the Lord, who charged His disciples that they should call no one on the earth lord and master, for One is master, and teacher, and Lord of all, even Christ—and head of His body, which is the Church.”

Here we pause for the present; leaving of necessity untouched the course of events since the time of the Constituent Assembly. We confess that we have experienced considerable discomfort from the intelligence which has appeared in the newspapers; and we are not sorry to escape from the duty of inquiring into the merits of the controverted elections—or of following after the assassins and banditti, who have been again infesting a country which in the winter of 1843 and 1844 was so quiet that it might be traversed in all directions with perfect impunity—or of forming an opinion upon the quarrel of Grivas and Kallergi, those two military worthies who have so much power to serve their country, if they could abstain from quarrelling—or of interpreting the disputes and misunderstandings of Coletti, Mavrocordato, and Metaxa, that disjointed triumvirate, the members of which represent respectively what are called the French, English, and Russian parties—or of explaining how it is that the *entente cordiale* between M. Piscatory and Sir Edmund Lyons has been so entirely dissolved. We will still watch and still hope; and we are sure that the struggles of modern Greece ought to command the sympathies of thoughtful minds—if not for her own sake, yet on account of the effects which may be expected to result from them in the world of the east. The Greeks themselves are far from confining their aspirations to the improvement of the little state which owns Otho for king. When they think of the future,

the vision of Constantinople and St. Sophia floats before their eyes. Their feelings are well expressed in some lines of Mr. Milnes' "Greek at Constantinople," where he alludes to the old Byzantine symbol of the cross above the crescent, one part of which the Mahomedans borrowed and appropriated to themselves:—

“And if to his old Asian seat
From this usurped unnatural throne
The Turk is driven, 't is surely meet
That we again should hold our own.

Be but Byzantium's native sign
Of cross on crescent once unfurled!
And Greece shall guard, by right divine,
The portals of the eastern world.”

We do not aspire to prophecy of the future fate of Constantinople. But when we think of all those Turkish subjects who speak the Greek language and profess the Greek religion;—when we think of the link which the same religion has made between them and the Slavonic tribes below and beyond the Danube;—we cannot but look upon the recovery of the Christian nationality of Greece as one of the most important of modern events—or watch the development of this young kingdom without feelings of the most anxious expectation. We cannot believe that the Mahomedan tide, which was arrested at Lepanto, will ebb back no farther than Navarino; and, if the emancipated nation advances in prosperity and virtue, we are confident that Chateaubriand's dream will be fulfilled in other places besides the banks of the Ilissus and Eurotas.

PROVIDENCE.—Marvellous is God's goodness in preserving the young ostriches. For the old one leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, forgetting that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. But Divine Providence so disposeth it, that the bare nest hatcheth the eggs, and the warmth of the sandy ground discloseth them. Many parents, which otherwise would have been loving pelicans, are by these unnatural wars forced to be ostriches to their own children, leaving them to the narrow mercy of the wide world. I am confident that these orphans (so may I call them whilst their parents are alive) shall be comfortably provided for, when worthy master Samuel Hern, famous for his living, preaching, and writing, lay on his deathbed, (rich only in goodness and children,) his wife made much womanish lamentation, what should hereafter become of her little ones: Peace, sweet heart, said he, that God who feedeth the ravens will not starve the Herns. A speech censured as light by some, observed by others as prophetic, as indeed it came to pass, that they were well disposed of. Despair not, therefore, O thou parent, of God's blessing, for having many of his blessings, a numerous offspring. But depend on his providence for their maintenance: find thou but faith to believe it, he will find means to effect it.—Fuller.

THE MONGREL.—I find the natural philosopher, making a character of the lion's disposition, amongst other his qualities reporteth, that first the lion feedeth on men, and afterwards, if forced with extremity of hunger, on women.

Satan is a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Only he inverts the method, and in his bill of fare takes the second course first. Ever since he over-tempted our grandmother Eve, encouraged with success, he hath preyed first on the weaker sex. It seems he hath all the vices, not the virtues, of that king of beasts, a wolf-lion; having his cruelty without his generosity.—Fuller.

* The pamphlet (1843) is entitled “*Διατίθησις αυτοσχιδος περί της αρχής και της εξουσίας τῶν Πατριάρχων, και περί της οργάνου της εκκλησιαστικῆς αρχῆς πρὸς τὴν πολιτικὴν ἐξουσίαν*.” It was attributed to Professor Misael, a distinguished member of the University.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Kölner Domblatt. Amtliche Mittheilungen des Central Dombau-Vereins. Mit geschichtlichen, artistischen und literarischen Beiträgen; herausgegeben vom Vorstande.*
2. *Die Heiligen Drei Könige. Nach einer alten Handschrift: herausgegeben von R. Simroch. Frankfurt am Main. 1849.*

It is a painful reflection, and one that conjures up a multitude of others, that a great cathedral can never again be built in this country. It is perhaps as painful to reflect on the utter disproportion of scale to use, in those which still remain to us, but to this habit has familiarized us. We are accustomed to hear the echoes of their glorious nave and aisles awakened at best to the footsteps of a small congregation—for the most part only to those of the solitary verger. We are accustomed to see their grand quadrangular cloisters treated merely as covered passages to prebendal back-doors; their beautiful chapels, those greatest imaginable luxuries of former wealthy piety, used only, if used at all, as waste places for mouldering rubbish. We are habituated, in short, to view a cathedral, except for purposes which any ordinary parish church could as well fulfil, as a mere sumpter edifice, enclosing a space no one congregation can fill, or no one man's voice penetrate, and only preserved and kept up from a feeling, akin perhaps to love, but which would be equally bestowed on any building, whether Christian or not, with antiquity and beauty in its favor. Yet, who is there among those who love to breathe the atmosphere of these ancient piles, who will not acknowledge that however altered in estimation, or limited in use, there is still a voice in them we cannot silence, and a spell we cannot break! We have forbidden the pilgrimage—levelled the altar—smashed the image, and extinguished the candle. We have left in them nothing to catch the fancy or to trammel the reason—but our ancient cathedrals are still faithful to the nobler aims of their founders. They still call to unity, rebuke presumption, command prostration, and raise to prayer.

Such being our feelings with respect to what remains for us at home, it is impossible that we should look without deep interest upon the great work now in progress on the banks of the Rhine. The cathedral of Cologne, after the lapse of six centuries since the first stone was laid, and nearly three and a half since the last was left, is now, as is generally known, once more advancing according to its original intention. Royal patronage has been extended—public enthusiasm excited—the original plans for portions of the building discovered—forests of scaffolding have arisen, and for four years the silver sound of the trowel has resounded from morning till night around the old walls. Nor does it seem too visionary to expect that the present generation will live to see the completion of one of the finest religious edifices which the world possesses.

It is singularly happy that the building thus bequeathed for modern completion, should be, as the most perfect example of the most perfect period of Christian architecture, the best fitted for the study and imitation of the present day. If ever we are to obtain an insight either into the body or soul of mediæval art, it must be on an occasion like this, when, by a combination of events, themselves already long interwoven in the history of the world, it is left, as it were, still on the loom—its wondrous threads still uncut. The cathedral of Cologne is a specimen of the art exactly at that point of perfec-

tion at which nothing on earth is permitted to stop—after the bud, and before the rankness—the flower just blown.

Without attempting to trace the history of Gothic architecture, or insisting either on the principle of practical utility, or the spirit of religious symbolism for its real origin, we must yet remind the reader that, in the countries to which it distinctively belongs, its highest development was attained under three contemporary sovereigns of eminent talents, worth, and piety. Cologne cathedral was founded in 1248—at the time that Frederick II. was Emperor of Germany, Henry III. King of England, and St. Louis King of France.

Cologne is one of those remarkable cities which have witnessed every fashion of human life, and every form of worldly power. Founded by ancient Rome and nursed by modern Rome—owing its first existence to the mother of Nero, and its first Christianity to the mother of Constantine—it has been the seat of Pagan institutions—the arena of Christian martyrs—the stronghold of religious dominion—the pattern of municipal independence—the storehouse of useful commerce, and the birthplace of elegant arts. It contains within its walls progressive specimens of every style of architecture, from the stern old church built with the stones of the ancient capitol, to the trumpery façade of the Rathhaus, calling itself modern Greek. It has seen the deeds of the hero of the Niebelungen—it has been the home of Albertus Magnus, the magician—the abode of Thomas of Aquinas, the saint—the tomb of Duns Scotus, and the resort of Petrarch. It has waged its own war, coined its own mark, and fixed its own measure. It has revered the most absolute sovereigns, and asserted the most republican rights. It has stood highest as an Archiepiscopal diocese, and foremost in the Hanseatic league. Its prelates have sent embassies to England, and its merchants have had a guild of their own in London. Kings from the far west have come to worship within its walls at the shrine of the kings from the far east. It has attracted students from Iceland on the fame of its learning, and supplied Poland with abbots on the fame of its piety. "Qui non vidit Coloniam, non vidit Germaniam," was a current saying; and "as rich as a Cologne weaver," a universal proverb. It developed a school of architects, whose recommendation, the world over, was that they came from Cologne; and a school of artists, of whom all that is known is that they belonged to Cologne. It had a native *patois* of its own, and a distinctive physiognomy of its own, and has them both still; while past and present occasionally meet in curious juxtaposition; the quaint Byzantine windows of an upper story keep their place over the staring plate-glass of a café in the lower; and the Roman toga, till within the last forty years, was worn on all occasions by magisterial vendors of *Eau de Cologne*.

To one thing Cologne has been resolutely and uninterruptedly true—her attachment to the Roman church. She may well be called the Rome of the North. She has known almost as many archbishops as Rome has popes, and seen as many of them canonized. A hundred and thirty-seven churches and remains of churches still crowd her precincts, and tradition reports them to have been once as many as there are days in the year. Her ancient devotion deserves that she should have the noblest Gothic cathedral in the world—and we think it probable that the completion of the edifice will be due in the main to the spirit in which its first stone

was laid. A variety of denominations—believers and non-believers—lovers of art and followers of fashion, appear to be indiscriminately busy in promoting this undertaking; and the Germans uphold it with true German pride, as one in which all differences of belief are to be buried—such a conglomeration being their only idea of what is national; but the church, in whose service they are all thus obligingly working, is the mainspring of the whole machine. It is true, she takes equally no prominent part and pursues no secret measures—she has offered no inducements in the way of indulgences and remissions, as in the times which founded the building—and has only simply called upon her members, and openly taxed her sacraments; yet it is the old zeal that was the first, and, we predict, will be the last impulse of the movement.

This famous *Dom* is the third metropolitan church which Cologne has known. Tradition reports the first to have been built by St. Maternus, a local saint, in the first century, and assigns the place on which it stood, but nothing more. This, though now inclosed within the walls of the city, was *extra muros* in the Roman time, as was usual with the early Christian churches. Of the second there is more to be said. It was founded in 784, by Hildebold, 19th Bishop, and, it is believed, 1st Archbishop, of whom the Cologne Chronicle gives the following curious history:—

"On the death of Bishop Riccolphus, there arose a great dispute among the chapter, as to the choice of a new bishop; so much so, that it reached the ears of the Kaiser Karl (Charlemagne) at Aix-la-Chapelle. He, therefore, took horse and rode towards Cologne in order to settle their differences. In a wood near the city he heard a bell, and entered a small chapel,* where mass was going on. The kaiser was attired like a hunter, with a horn, and clasped knife at his side. After he had heard mass, he laid a *guilder* on the altar, upon which the priest, by name Hildebold, took it up, and not knowing the kaiser, said to him, 'Friend, take back thy *guilder*; we don't offer gold here'—and thought that he meant to mock him—for he was a simple, pious man. Then the kaiser said, 'Sir! keep the money; I give it you with a willing heart.' But Hildebold would not, and continued, 'I see that you are a hunter; do me this service, therefore, and send me the hide of the first doe that you kill, for a covering to my books. But take back your *guilder*.' As the kaiser perceived the open, honest speech of the priest, he asked of the bystanders as to his life and conversation, and heard that he was a very upright man. Then the kaiser rode on into Cologne, and inquired into the cause of the dispute, and finding the chapter could not agree, he declared to them he would himself choose their bishop; whereupon he called Priest Hildebold to Cologne, and presented him to the chapter."

The edifice founded by this holy man seems not to have been finished in less than ninety years—it was, we read, consecrated by the prelate third in succession from him, in 873, on occasion of a grand provincial synod, when no less than eleven bishops were present. According to the local historians,† who have borrowed from older sources, the cathedral was a stately Byzantine building, with

double choirs and crypts, and three towers. And on the coins which occur from the ninth to the eleventh century, many of which bear rude representations of churches, among which those of St. Gereon and the Apostles are still recognizable, there appears a church, superior to either, answering the description of these writers, and bearing great resemblance to the magnificent but later church on the Crater-lake at Laach. The interior is reported to have been richly adorned; and here was stored up, among other valuables, a wonderful library of manuscripts, which the book-loving Hildebold had gathered together. In 1089 the cathedral took fire, and destruction seemed inevitable, when the bones of St. Cunibert were hastily brought and the flames as hastily subsided. But in 1248, as certified by a papal bull of the day, it again took fire, on occasion of some civil tumult, when, no saint interfering, the flames made the most of their opportunity and burnt it to the ground.

There was now great need for a new cathedral, not only to replace the old one, but to receive a treasure which, more than any other cause, has contributed to the glory of Cologne. This consisted in the bones of the three Wise Men of the East, captured at the siege of Milan by Frederic Barbarossa, and considered one of the greatest triumphs he had achieved; and which being presented by him to the city of Cologne, demanded the costliest edifice that man could raise. At the same time, as if to favor the occasion, the wealth of the city and chapter had so accumulated as to gain for this period the appellation of the Golden Age of Cologne; while a new era of architecture, just budded in the land, waited apparently but this opportunity to expand here into maturity.

It seems, however, that the plan of erecting a new cathedral on a grander scale had been long previously contemplated. Archbishop Engelbert, Count of Altona and Berg, murdered in 1225, so openly entertained the idea as by some to have been considered the author of the original design; while under his successor, Conrad of Hochsteden, it so far ripened, that all preliminaries were ready for the foundation of the new building only a few months after the destruction of the old one. At this time Germany was agitated by the dissensions between Frederic II. and Pope Innocent IV., which ended in the excommunication and deposition of the emperor. Thereupon there started up three candidates for the empire—Henry, Count of Thuringen; William, Count of Holland; and Richard, Earl of Cornwall. But this, far from hindering the cause of the cathedral, proved a direct means of furthering it—each candidate in turn pleading his pretensions to the archbishop with arguments calculated most materially to assist its progress. Conrad first gave his favor to Henry of Thuringen, who, however, lived only a year. Then William of Holland, whose youth was counterbalanced by his relationship to the prelate, was elected; when, being refused admittance to the city of Aix (still faithful to Frederic) for the ceremony of coronation, the prince laid immediate siege to it and took it in six months. It was during this siege, on the 14th of August, 1248, that Archbishop Conrad laid the first stone of the present cathedral, at a depth, as Boisserée has ascertained, of above forty-four feet below the surface. There were present on the occasion, the papal legate, many bishops, dukes, and counts, with William of Holland, and the flower of his army from the siege, and the chief burghers of the

* According to Cologne antiquarians, the chapel of St. Marcellus, of which there are remains to be seen in an old house in the street named from it, the *Marcellan Strasse*.

† Winheim, *Sacrarum Agrippinae*, 1607. Crompton, *Historia Trium Regum*, 1651.

besieged town; a truce of three days having been granted for this purpose by mutual consent. The stone having been laid with all ecclesiastical form, munificent offerings were collected, and Conrad read aloud a letter from the Pope, granting indulgence from church discipline of a year and forty days to all penitents contributing to the work.

Doubtless the great and gifted man whose spirit conceived the plan in all its harmonious wholeness, and whose mental vision saw it completed in all its elaborate detail, took an important part in that day's pageantry. That particular combination of letters and syllables, however, by which he was known in his own generation, and which was as familiar to all those present as the name of the archbishop himself, was to be buried in the secret depths of that stupendous monument, which, while it has proclaimed his genius far and wide, has, it seems, forever entombed the man. He has bequeathed his beautiful ideas in ciphers which all may read, but left not a letter to tell his name. Since that day six centuries have rolled a veil over it, which it seems hopeless now to lift. Assiduous researches have been made by the first antiquarians in Germany for the last fifty years, and the *Domblatt* especially has been the arena of indefatigable controversy as to whom the honor of the pile is due. It has been given alternately to Archbishops Engelbert and Conrad, to Albertus Magnus, to one Meister Gerard, who was the first *Dom Meister*, and others;—the arguments for each being equally conclusive, and all therefore terminating precisely as they began.

And we cannot help thinking, fortunately so—the long continued mystery is now become more interesting than any discovery that could replace it. Our generation is too far removed in time, knowledge, and spirit, to comprehend how the mere elder brother of the same likeness of a man, who now designs a something to order, builds it by contract, calls it a church, and himself an architect, could have composed such a structure as the Dom. At most, the architects of those times are mere ideas to us, and such let him of Cologne remain! The name of Erwin of Steinbach has incorporated itself with the cathedral of Strasburg; it is too late for a new name to do that with Cologne. Overbeck has therefore settled the matter wisely* in his great picture at Frankfort, "Religion glorified by the Arts," where he presents the Great Unknown of Cologne as the Genius of Architecture, under a figure of solemn and abstract beauty. Such may he, therefore, ever appear to those who have volunteered to complete what he began; reminding them that—

"They dreamt not of a perishable home,
Who thus could build."

But to return to the means by which the work was carried on. William of Holland dying in 1257, Richard of Cornwall, brother to our Henry III., again came forward, and by his munificent gifts to the archbishop became a valuable patron to the rising building. Richard, according to Hume, was the wealthiest subject in the English dominions, and his ambition to wear the imperial crown made him scatter his money in such profusion that the amount of it has been exaggerated into something fabulous, the ancient historians affirming that he came over to Germany with thirty tons' weight

of gold. Archbishop Conrad, who still filled the see, crowned him King of the Romans at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the same year, but he never wielded the sceptre of Charlemagne. He visited Cologne several times, and offered largely at the tomb of "the Three Kings." It was owing probably to his personal interest that German emissaries, in the name of the Pope, were allowed to collect contributions at that time throughout England. So that English money helped in the first stage of the work; though, excepting our queen's donation last year, we are not aware that any has been supplied for the second.

But the chief funds for the building proceeded from the precious relics for whose sake chiefly it was undertaken. It was the shrine of the Three Kings those walls were destined to enclose, which principally raised them from the ground. The Three Kings were especially the patron saints of travel—that is, of what was almost the only travel of those days, of pilgrimage.† Their fame was at its zenith at the time of the Crusades. All pilgrims trusted to a star that should conduct them to the place of the Nativity, and the shrine being placed temporarily in the church of St. Cecilia, Cologne was visited by crowds, who considered a prayer and an offering at this shrine as the first step on their journey to Palestine. These crowds comprised the highest in the land; and from the time of Barbarossa there was hardly emperor, king, or count who did not hold courts, celebrate festivities, or pass through Cologne, on expeditions of love, war, or pilgrimage: first sanctifying his object by prayer and offering at the shrine of the Three Kings.

Nevertheless, the building made but slow progress. Archbishop Conrad was a bad-hearted, contentious man, who quarrelled with all the neighboring states, and cruelly oppressed the citizens; and though as founder of the cathedral his memory is held in honor, yet in truth the immense power which he derived from the wealth of the shrine, and the long reign during which he wielded it, served far more to impoverish his people than to enrich his cathedral. His violence to his neighbors brought him into positions from which the citizens had to ransom him; and his unjust dealings towards them compelled them to resistance, for which he placed them under ban. His successor walked in the same steps; and it was not till the time of Archbishop Wichbold, fifty years after the day of foundation, that the city began to recover, and the cathedral to rise. This prelate stimulated the work by example as well as exhortation. In his time it first became the custom to bequeath legacies to the cathedral, and in the statutes of the church the priests are ordered to enjoin the dying penitent, after due payment of his debts and restitution of all ill-gotten wealth, to remember the holy work now going on for the mother-church of the city and diocese. At first lands or goods were bequeathed, but afterwards a certain sum in money; and till within the last century it was the regular form in Cologne for all wills to commence with a bequest to the *Dom Fabrik*.

Meanwhile the influence of the shrine had been applied in another way. Encouraged by the indulgences held out in the papal letter, a society was formed, called the Brotherhood of St. Peter, (the patron saint of the cathedral,) for the purpose of

* Wiser than the King of Bavaria, who, to stop further argument, has admitted Meister Gerard into the Walhalla.

† To this day in many parts of Carinthia and Franconia the door of an inn has carved over it the initials C. M. B.—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.

collecting contributions for the building. The qualification for membership consisted simply in having made a pilgrimage to the shrine, and it was open equally to both sexes, who were regularly divided into bodies, and enrolled under the surveillance of various religious orders. This society was of great service, for with their zeal the pope increased their privileges, the most important of which consisted in exemption from all the local interdicts, which bishops hurled and people feared in those days; so that an individual collecting so much in a year, (the smallest contribution being fixed at a bushel of wheat,) if not personally excommunicated, or a notorious bad liver, could hear mass and receive the sacraments, himself and all his family, even in such places as were under papal ban.

Under these circumstances, the brotherhood of St. Peter grew into high fame and influence: and while the members dispersed themselves eagerly, not only throughout the diocese, but throughout Europe, the beautiful choir rose gradually, and on the 27th of September, 1322, in the reign of Archbishop Henry II., Count of Birnenburg, stood ready for consecration—this being the same day on which the old cathedral of Charlemagne had received the same rite 450 years before.

This was a great occasion, and Cologne overflowed with spiritual and worldly dignitaries. After the usual ceremonies without the building, the archbishop, attended by his suffragans—the prince-bishops of Osnaburg, Munster and Liege, and the bishops of Minden and Utrecht—entered the choir, where, ashes having been strewn upon the pavement, the archbishop, in sign of that doctrine of which Christ is the alpha and the omega, wrote in them with his sceptre all the letters of the alphabet. From the south-east to the north-west he wrote Greek letters: from the north-east to the south-west he wrote Latin letters; thus forming a cross saltier, X. Then the bones of the Three Kings were brought in with great pomp, and, in imitation of the early Christians, who usually erected their churches over the tomb of a saint or martyr, the archbishop laid the first stone of the shrine that was to contain them; above which in due time a gilt star was placed at the tip end of the choir, a type of that which conducted the wise men.

Our readers, we suppose, will not object to our pausing here for a moment to give a short account of these mysterious personages, as preserved in the traditions of the Roman Church. We take it from a curious old *Volksbuch*, written originally in Latin by Johannes von Hildesheim, who died in 1375, for the especial edification of the city of Cologne; done into German 1389, for Dame Elisabeth of Katzenellenbogen, Lady of Erbach; copied at Basle 1420; printed at Strasburg in 1480; and now republished at Frankfort, 1842, for the benefit of the cathedral of Cologne. Here follows, therefore, an epitome of this ancient Tract for the Times.

The prophecy that a star should rise in Jacob having proceeded from a heathen prophet, the heathens themselves became interested in its fulfilment; and watch was kept from a tower on a high hill in India, where twelve astrologers observed the heavens night and day. When the time was come, a brilliant star was seen to rise in the east, which shed a light all over the land, and was as bright as the sun. And the star bore within it the figure of a little child, and the sign of the cross, and a voice came from it, saying, "To-day is there born a king in Judea." And this star was seen over all India,

and the people rejoiced, and no one doubted that it was the same of which Balaam had prophesied. India included three regions; each separated from the other by high mountains. One of these was Arabia, the soil of which is quite red with the quantity of gold it contains, and here Melchior was king. The second was Godolia, of which part is called Saba, where frankincense is so abundant that it flows out of the trees—and Balthazar ruled there. And the third India contained the kingdom of Tharsis, where myrrh hangs so plentifully on the bushes, that as you walk along it sticks to your clothes; and here Caspar reigned. But as they were best known by the gifts they brought, the Scriptures only mention them as the kings of Tharsis, Arabia, and Saba.

Now each of the kings saw the star, and determined to follow it, but no one of the three knew anything of his neighbor's intentions. So each set off with a numerous retinue, and the whole way, though beset with mountains and rivers, was equally dry and level to them; and they neither ate nor drank, nor rested, nor slept, neither they nor their servants, nor their horses, nor their cattle, but followed the star without ceasing. In this manner the whole journey only occupied them thirteen days, though it took them two years to return. "And whoever doubts this, let them read," says the little book, "in the prophet Daniel, where Habbakuk was taken by the hair of his head, and transported from Jerusalem to Babylon in one hour."*

But when they were come within two miles of Jerusalem, the star disappeared, and a heavy fog arose, and each party halted; Melchior, as it fell out, taking his stand on Mount Calvary, Balthazar on the Mount of Olives, and Caspar just between them. And when the fog cleared away, each was astonished to see two other great companies besides his own, and then the kings first discovered that all had come upon the same errand, and they embraced with great joy, and rode together into Jerusalem.

There the crowd of their united trains was so great, that they looked like an army come to besiege the city, and Herod and all Jerusalem were troubled. And the strangers inquired for Him that was born king of the Jews, whose star they had seen in the east, and were directed, as the Scriptures relate, to Bethlehem. And the star again went before them, and stood over a miserable hut. In this hut lay the infant Jesus, now thirteen days old, with his mother Mary, who was stout in figure and brown in face, and had on an old blue robe. But the kings were splendidly attired, and had brought great treasures with them; for it must be known that all that Alexander the Great left at his death, and all that the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon, and all that Solomon collected for the temple had descended to the Three Kings from their ancestors, who had pillaged the temple of Jerusalem; and all this they had now brought with them. But when they entered this miserable hut, it was filled with such an exceeding light, that, for fear and amazement, they knew not what they did. And they each offered quickly the first thing that came to their hands, and forgot all their other gifts. Melchior offered thirty golden pennies, Balthazar gave frankincense, and Caspar myrrh; but what the virgin said to them they quite forgot, and only remembered that they bowed before the child, and said, "Thanks be to God."

* Bel and the Dragon, ver. 36.

Each of the gifts, however had a significant history, especially the thirty pennies, which appear to have assisted at all the money transactions mentioned in the Scriptures. Having been originally struck by Abraham's father, they were paid by Abraham for the cave of Machpelah; and by Potiphar for Joseph to his brethren; and by Joseph's brethren to Joseph for corn in Egypt; and by Joseph to one Queen of Sheba for ointment to anoint the body of his father Jacob; and by a later queen of Sheba to Solomon; whence, as we have seen, they came into the hands of Melchior, who now offered them at Bethlehem. Nor does their history end here; for as the holy family fled into Egypt, the Virgin tied up the money with the frankincense and myrrh together in a cloth, and dropped it by the way; and a shepherd tending his flock found the cloth, and kept it safe till the time when Jesus was performing his miracles in Judæa. Then, being afflicted with a disease, he came to Jerusalem, and Jesus cured him; and the shepherd offered him the cloth, but Jesus knew what was in it, and desired him to offer it upon the altar. There the Levite who ministered burnt the frankincense; and of part of the myrrh a bitter drink was made, which they gave the Saviour on the cross, and the remainder Nicodemus presented for his burial; but the thirty pennies were made over to Judas for betraying Christ, and he threw them down in remorse at the feet of the high-priest, whereupon fifteen went to pay the soldiers who watched by the tomb, and the other fifteen bought a field to bury poor pilgrims.

To return to the kings; after they had made their offerings they ate and drank, and lay down to rest; but, being warned against Herod in a dream, they returned to their own country by the regular way, and with all expedition did not reach it for two years. There they told all the people what they had seen, and the wonders God had wrought, and everywhere upon their temples the people erected the image of a star with the child and cross in it. And it came to pass that St. Thomas the Apostle was sent to preach the Word in India, and when he saw the star on their temples he was astonished, and asked what it meant. Then the heathen priests told him about the Three Kings, and how they had journeyed to Bethlehem, and seen the young child; at which St. Thomas rejoiced exceedingly, for he had heard of the Magi, as they were called, from the circumstance of the twelve astrologers, and he performed so many miracles that his fame filled the three Indias.

Now the Three Kings were very old and infirm, but hearing of St. Thomas they each determined to see him; and again, as it so happened, they set out on the same day, and without knowing each other's movements, reached St. Thomas at the same time. And first, St. Thomas baptized them, and then he ordained them priests; for, the little book adds, that they were not married men, and never had been. And they built a city, and lived together in great joy and love for two years, preaching the Gospel. Then Melchior died, and was buried in a costly grave; and shortly after Balthazar died also, and was laid in the same place; and at length Caspar gave up the ghost, and when his body was brought to be buried near his companions, Melchior and Balthazar, who lay side by side, moved asunder, and made room for him between them. And many were the wonders and miracles performed at the tomb, but for all that the people forsook the right way, and fell into great heresies,

and at length each of the three Indias insisted on taking the body of their king back to his own country.

Now came the happy times of the good emperor Constantine, and his mother Helena, who, after finding the true cross, and the four nails, and the cloth in which the child had lain, and the old blue robe of the Virgin, determined on finding the bodies of the Three Kings as well. For this she travelled expressly to India, where, after much difficulty, especially on behalf of Caspar, who had got among a sad set of heretics, she succeeded in obtaining all three, and when they were at length deposited again in one receptacle, there arose such an unspeakably delightful smell, as convinced all the faithful not only of the identity of the bodies, but of their exceeding satisfaction at being together once more.

By Helena they were taken to Constantinople, where they lay for some time in great honor at the Church of St. Sophia; fell into discredit in the times of Julian the apostate; rose again into favor with his successor, and were ultimately presented to Eustorgius, Bishop of Milan, a Greek by birth, who had done great service to the Greek Church. From Milan Barbarossa, as we have seen, carried them off, and gave witness both of his devotion to the church and his favor for Cologne, by presenting them to that city, "where they first lay in the old cathedral of Bishop Hildebold, and now lie in the new one, founded by Conrad of Hochsteden, where with God's blessing they will remain till the day of Judgment." "Therefore," the little book concludes, "Rejoice, oh! Cologne! city rich in honors! and thank God that He has chosen thee before every other city in the world to be the happy shrine of the Three holy Kings!"

So ends the legend. We considered the history of the Kings of Cologne, which was the name they bore for centuries, too much a part of that of the cathedral to be passed over; and far be it from us to desire to turn it into ridicule. Making due allowance for the change of taste, and the discovery of printing, we appeal to the reader whether there be more folly or less wisdom in this little old book than in many a little new one. At all events, the generation that read this, and believed it, could also build the Cathedral of Cologne.

We must now revert to the choir, which stood with its seven chapels clustered round it, unique then as now. This stupendous structure, itself 208 feet high, rises, as many of our readers have seen, out of a forest of piers and pinnacles, each attached to the building alternately by a double and fourfold row of gigantic flying buttresses, which break the bristling *chevaux de frise* of perpendicular lines, and relieve, though they amaze, the eye. Yet not placed there for any eye-service, but for the strictest use: the buttresses resisting the pressure of that enormous weight of roof, the piers weighting the ends of the buttresses, and increasing their strength; each pier a miniature church in itself, its shape that of a cross, rising in four corner spires, with one centre steeple or pinnacle; each spire and pinnacle edged at each angle by a row of crochets terminating in a finial—each crochet the *Marion Blume*, or flower of Mary, what we call the Lady's slipper—each finial a rose, the emblem of mystery—whence the saying *sub rosâ*; while from roof, and wall, and pier protrude innumerable grotesque pipe-heads—demons, dragons, monkeys, monstrosities; in the opinion of some, the fantastic creations of the architect's own imagination; according to Bois-

serée, imitations of the goblins and wood-demons in which the times believed; but according to the symbolist, representations of the bad spirits which the church holds without her walls, and yet compels to do her service.

It strikes a stranger's eye at first sight, that while the south side of the choir seems to blossom with exuberance, the north side, as with Freiburg and Amiens, is comparatively plain: no lady's slippers on the pinnacles, no corner spires round the miniature steeple. A Cologne *laquais de place* will tell you, with the usual sapience of these people, that the want of decoration was owing to want of funds, and that it is intended, when the cathedral is completed, to *put on* the failing ornaments. You refer to a little cathedral guide-book, purchased at Dumont Schauberg's, the great bookseller of Cologne, and that informs you that the original architects left this side plain, because, on account of some abutting building, it was not so much seen—a reason which, considering that the original architects finished every dark corner and lofty point as carefully as the most prominent and visible parts, is fit to succeed that of the lackey. We turn then to Boisserée, and even his solution fails to convince. He tells us that the north side being that most exposed to the weather, all unnecessary ornament was purposely avoided. Now it is not true that the north side is always that most tried by the weather; in many English edifices it is the eastern aspect which suffers soonest; and in Cologne the bitterest blast comes from the west. The symbolist, therefore, claims the next hearing, in the person of Professor Kreuser—a profound antiquarian, an ardent Roman Catholic, a constant adorer of the Cathedral, and in all these capacities a most valuable contributor to the *Domblatt*.

"The north side," he says, "has had, since the first period of Christianity, its particular meaning—the south the same. The north side was that of the Evangelists, who gave the truth in plainness and simplicity—the south was that of the prophets, who disguised it in Oriental figure and imagery. Also the women, who were especially commanded to cover themselves, and abstain from ornament, stood on the north side, hence called the *muliebris*; while the men, to whom no such prohibition extended, stood on the south. Hence it is that the south side of the choir is richly decorated—that towards the north markedly simplified."—*Domblatt*, No. 92.

Admitting this, for argument's sake, to be true, another congenial reason may be urged as assisting to keep the northern side of Cologne Cathedral plain—namely, that to which the old habit of not interring the dead on the north side of a church is attributable: not because of its dampness or general gloom—for beyond the shadow cast by the building this no longer exists—but because, under an old tradition, the north side was supposed to be especially under the influence of the Prince of the Powers of the Air, and therefore expressly avoided as a place of burial.

Possessed, therefore, with these various arguments, the traveller mounts to the highest external gallery of the cathedral, and there from behind that massive parapet—which from below, to use a lady's term, appears but the delicate *footing* to which the whole embroidery of the building is appended—he sees at once marks of a decision of purpose, for which neither economy, nor obscurity, nor inclemency would account: for standing ex-

actly at the centre of the choir-end, at the spot which the gilt star once occupied, looking eastward, he sees all below him decoration on his right hand, and all simplicity on his left.

This vital portion of the edifice being completed, the offices of the church were regularly performed, and the decorations of the interior became a further field for the piety of individual contributors. Archbishop Genney, especially, who held the see from 1357, appears as a munificent patron. He presented the black marble altar of the Three Kings, still existing—also the high altar itself with an elaborate Ciborium, now exchanged for one utterly unsuitable; fourteen statues of silver gilt, of the Apostles, the Saviour, and the Virgin—the two latter two ells high—which were placed round the altar on all solemn occasions; and, lastly, the tabernacle, or receptacle for the Sacrament, an exquisite structure 62 feet high, whose tragic fate we shall record farther on. To this archbishop are also usually attributed the fourteen statues, with rich canopies and brackets, on the pillars round the altar; and the canopies and brackets the good archbishop is welcome to the credit of, both being singularly beautiful; but the statues show a mannerism and affectation (now increased tenfold by the hideous painting they have undergone) which we must assign to a much later period. Also the chronicles mention four brazen angels, seven feet high, of great beauty, placed at each corner of the altar, and a wonderful clock wound up once a year, representing the course of the sun and moon and the adoration of the three kings.

Meanwhile the brethren of St. Peter continued their rounds, and increased so much in number that, in 1336, on occasion of a great meeting in Cologne, the choir and rising aisles were found insufficient to contain them, and the priests were obliged to bring the relics out, and bear them round the cathedral. The end of all this may be easily anticipated; the fraternity was become too good a speculation, both in a worldly and spiritual light, not to be abused. Notorious bad livers contributed in their last moments sufficient to enrol them in the brotherhood, and thus fraudulently obtained the offices of the church; others deducted considerably from their collections before making them over to the cathedral fund; while some of still more independent views, among whom we are assured ladies were not wanting, never made them over to the fund at all. This state of things attracted the attention of Archbishop Genney, who forthwith curtailed the immunities, and pursued the offenders so effectually that he seems to have put an end not only to the abuses, but to the society itself. Its statutes were renewed towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the old popularity had so fallen away that the collectors had to be allowed one fourth of their gatherings; and in the sixteenth century no further mention is made of the body.

It was well for the cathedral that there was no failing as yet among the other sources of her support—the tide of royalty and nobility still set in powerfully towards the shrine, and many a picturesque procession demanded entrance at the guarded gates, and wound through the narrow and intricate streets of the city, on its way to the cathedral. In 1337, our own Edward III., on his way up the Rhine to meet Lewis of Bavaria, visited the shrine, and left rich offerings. In 1347, the French king, Charles IV., also paid his devotions, and his tribute; later in the century, Peter, king of

Cyprus, and the Emperor Wenceslaus. But the most remarkable pageant took place on the deposition of this latter, when the Elector Palatine Rupert (known to all the lovers of Heidelberg Castle by the grand old *Ruprecht's Bau*) was elected emperor in his stead. In his person the case of William of Holland was repeated, for Aix-la-Chapelle remained true to Wenceslaus and refused Rupert admittance. He, therefore, entered Cologne with his wife, four sons, and three daughters, and a brilliant cortège of dukes and counts, and on the 6th of January, the Feast of the Three Kings—our Epiphany—was crowned in the cathedral. On this occasion a curious custom was observed. The archbishop performed the mass, and Rupert himself, to whom as emperor belonged the dignity of a canon of the diocese, chanted the Gospel.*

In 1402, also, Rupert's eldest son, the Elector Lewis—who in the matter of wives was a kind of German Henry VIII.—celebrated at Cologne his marriage with Blanche, daughter of our Henry IV., leaving jewels upon the shrine which a modern bride would decidedly have grudged from herself. This is the second instance of an English princess being given in marriage in this city—the first being that of Isabella, daughter of King John, whose marriage with the Emperor Frederic II. took place there in 1235.

Still the cathedral by no means profited in due proportion. Its fate depended mainly on the tastes of the reigning archbishop: if peaceable, the building advanced; if pugnacious, it halted. Unfortunately this latter was the more frequent disposition of the two; and the Archbishop Theodoric von Moers, who reigned from 1414, and fought his neighbors' battles as well as his own, is accused, not only of mortgaging the church property, but of helping himself to the jewels from the shrine, whenever his necessities pressed him. Considering, therefore, how the building lagged in progress, it is the greater wonder that its harmony should have been preserved. And no stronger evidence is needed to prove that the original design extended to the whole edifice. For it was not till 1437, almost two hundred years after the date of foundation, that the southern tower was completed as far as we now see it.

In that year the bells were taken from an old wooden tower formerly used as a belfry to the Cathedral of Charlemagne, which, consistent with its antiquity, had none, and raised into the new tower. The great old crane, whose horn-like form butting from the forehead of the tower is as familiar a feature as any in the mighty fragment, doubtless assisted at this transfer. But this seems to have been its last work; for a picture by John van Eyck of St. Barbara, dated 1437, has for its background an unfinished tower, with a crane at top, obviously intended for that at Cologne.

And now other causes than those of war and pillage intervened to obstruct the work. Times had altered since that first stone was buried forty-four feet deep in the earth, and men's minds had been preparing for changes of more kinds than one. The invention of printing aroused the pride as well as the intellect of men—the capture of Constantinople drove a host of depraved Grecian architects into

western Europe—in art as in doctrine the world was ready to follow new guidance—the glories of the German empire and of German architecture declined together—the city of Cologne drooped—and the cathedral stood still. For above fifty years the workmen dawdled over the north side, and fortunately accomplished nothing more than now stands. We say fortunately, since even in anti-Lutheran Cologne it was not to be expected that the sixteenth century should know how to finish what the thirteenth had begun. For though the cathedral is externally free to a remarkable extent from any glaring evidences of deterioration, and in general form the builders of the north side appear to have been modest and cautious, yet there are signs here of that shallowness and slovenliness of execution which must make their German Pugin thankful that they did no more.

After 1509, it is questionable whether another stone was added, or designed to be added;—the painted windows on the north side bear that date, and they would hardly have been inserted if any chance of continuing the masonry had been contemplated. The buildings also that grew round the cathedral, not mere ephemeral structures, but, among others, the church of Sta. Maria in Pasculo, and an old institution, known as the School of Arts, occupying even the space allotted to the transepts, testify pretty conclusively that no further growth of the great *torso* was now anticipated. Some even presumed to press so close on the fallen lion as to hew themselves cellars out of the stupendous quarry of its foundations. In short, as Professor Kreuser pithily says, "the time was come when cathedrals were not built up, but pulled down." The Reformation was now begun; and though Cologne stood firm against the storm,* yet it altered other things in the estimation of men besides the dogmas of the Roman Church; and with a new set of interests to occupy the world, cast a deadness alike upon all the old ones.

And here it may be as well to recall the precise state of incompleteness in which (as some not distant generation may find it difficult to believe) the cathedral for so many centuries was left. The original intention comprehended choir and double transepts, a stately nave, with double aisles, a centre tower where nave and choir join, and two towers at the west end. The internal height of choir and nave alike, namely, 150 feet—that of the aisles and transepts, 64 feet—the whole length of the building 500 feet, its width 150 feet, and the height of the towers 536 feet, which would have made them the highest in Christendom. Of this, the choir, as we have said, was finished with a portion of the east wall of each transept. The north aisles had attained their destined height, the four great windows complete, with colored glass in them, and seven compartments of the roof groined over. The south aisles had stopped midway, their interior piers having only reached the height of 42 feet, and the windows being arrested at the spring of the arch. The southern tower had grown up in two stories to the elevation of 170 feet; the northern tower stood like a tooth just piercing the gum—one pier partly through to the height of 22 feet, the rest still below the surface. Part of the façade of the northern transept was visible about six feet; and of such portions of both transepts, west front

* The emperors of Germany held three canonries in their own right: one at St. Peter's at Rome, one at the minster of our lady at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the third at Cologne.

* Two archbishops, however, were exceptions. One yielded to the arguments of Bucer, the other to love for Agnes Mansfeldt.

and northern tower, as were not yet above the earth, the foundations were supposed to be perfect within. Thus there was a gap between choir and aisles, another between north and south tower, and a vacant space in the nave. In other words, the head was perfect, the shoulders just begun, the legs with one foot partly grown—but the whole body still wanting. For present use, therefore, temporary roofs had been thrown over the southern aisles and such compartments of the northern as had not been groined with stone. The gap between choir and south aisles was filled up by a temporary wall; that between choir and northern aisles supplied by the intrusive church of Sta. Maria already mentioned, and a wooden screen ran up between the two towers.

Thus stood, therefore, the incomplete form of an all-complete idea, from which, as from a text-book, almost every religious edifice erected contemporaneously had drawn instruction—which had contributed to build Strasburg near, and to finish Burgos afar off, and which shows its helping influence in Freiburg, Ratisbonn, Prague, Utrecht, Amiens, Beauvais, Chalons, and numerous other foreign churches that might be mentioned, besides supplying an architect to our own York. There stood the imperfect specimen of the most perfect period of ecclesiastical Gothic—so full of thought that every detail has a meaning—so practical in adaptation that every detail has a use—so true in structure that were the walls knocked away it would still stand firm on its piers like a tent; and with all these causes combined, so perfect in national beauty, that Boisserée has christened it "the Canon of German architectural law." And centuries passed away without knowing it to be such. Nay, far from appreciating the tenth wonder of the world that stood among them, men looked upon it with ill-will, as a monstrous mistake which the barbarity of their forefathers had entailed upon them, an eye-sore to their city, and a drain to their pockets, and to be kept standing only to avoid the greater cost of pulling it down.

Meanwhile the succession of wars, direct and indirect offsprings of the Reformation, which raged in central Europe, sufficiently deranged, as is well known, all the springs of art and literature throughout Germany, and in more than one instance poured their fury within the diocese of Cologne. But what had hitherto been the bane of the cathedral had now become its safeguard. These sources of desolation interfered with no plans of progress, and prevented no system of repair—they only tied the hands of those who waited but for peace to become more dangerous enemies than any the cathedral had known before. Considering, therefore, the state of the 16th and 17th centuries, the building appears to have received from them the best usage those centuries could bestow, namely, to have been let alone. Nevertheless one voice was raised even then, Boisserée like, by a Jesuit of the name of Crombach:—whose "Historia Trium Regum" (1654) displays an enthusiasm in the cause of the cathedral, and a discrimination of its beauties, quite marvellous for the times, and expresses the pious wish that it might please the mighty German princes, and especially the then reigning archbishop Maximilian Henry, to carry on the splendid building to the honor of the holy Catholic church and glory of the German name. Farther on he mentions, as if by permission, that but for the war with Holland, in which the primate had been induced to assist Louis XIV., his archi-

episcopal highness had fully contemplated continuing the building. How his highness was so induced is no longer a mystery, now that the list of the *Grand Monarque's* gifts and *doucours*, not forgetting diamond crosses, has been made public. Not that the world has anything to regret in this transaction, as far as regards the cathedral, since it probably saved its ancient limbs from being made a mere stock on which to graft the designs of some French architect of the Bernini school. Even the sympathizing historian we should hardly have trusted to touch a stone of the building, though his admiration for it led him to make investigations and drawings which have proved of much service to later laborers.

Worse days, however, were to pass over before brighter could dawn. With the last fires of the seven years' war expired the cathedral's last chance of protection. Peace ensued—*philosophy* and *renaissance* were in the ascendancy, and the natural enemy of every Rhenish cathedral during the eighteenth century—its own chapter—grew rich and rampant. The exterior was too irretrievably bad in their eyes for even them to improve, but the interior presented a tempting field. The consequence was, that almost every movable object coeval with the best times of the building gradually disappeared or underwent some sad change. The old altar, with its graceful Ciborium, of which Crombach's work has preserved a rough woodcut, made way for the Grecian kind of summer-house which now stands in its place, and for which perhaps the fourteen silver statues went to pay, for how they were disposed of does not appear. The brazen angels at the corners of the altar were molten into the four rococo candlesticks now used; the beautiful carved stone sedilia were superseded by three heavy arm-chairs; the open stone screen surrounding the choir was demolished, and the present iron grating substituted; and then the choir was thought too dark to show off all these novelties, and the rich mosaic glass of the triforium windows was replaced by plain. But the worst deed was the destruction of the old tabernacle. To this the chapter had long looked forward as a sort of *bonne bouche*, their appetites being further whetted by the opposition of a recently elected *Dom-Herr*, von Hildesheim by name—he it honored!—who violently resisted the measure. As long as he was by nothing could be done, but the good gentlemen bided their time—they waited till von Hildesheim had departed on a journey, and then one night they went like thieves in the dark, smashed it in pieces, and threw it into the Rhine. For the common people were attached to the old relic, and there was above 62 feet of it in length to be got rid of. The *Domblatt* tells us that old Professor Wallraff, whose well-known museum at Cologne is supposed to contain a few fragments of the murdered tabernacle, could never speak of that night without tears in his eyes. Besides these fragments, Crombach's description is all that remains. He reports it to have been in the form of a cross, mounting story over story, and terminating in a spire, with scripture groups beneath rich fretwork canopies, and single figures on pillars. "Such a work," he adds, "with its statues, groups, pyramids, pinnacles, and other ornaments, would have been marvellous even in wax, or any other yielding material. And none would believe, unless they had seen it with their own eyes, how the hard stone could have been fashioned into a variety of the most intricate forms, such as even a painter would find it difficult

to imitate in color." The sculptor's name is unknown, but he is compared to Lorenzo Ghiberti, whom he must have preceded by almost a century.

But the chapter's turn for suffering came next. Times altered again—the French revolution broke out—French troops occupied Cologne in 1794—the last prince-archbishop and seventy-sixth bishop of Cologne, the Archduke Maximilian Francis, brother to Marie Antoinette, was obliged to retire from the diocese—the chapter, which consisted of forty-six members, all, except eight, being dukes, princes, or at least counts of the empire, and required of course to show their sixteen quarters—with an establishment of twenty-five vicars, and due complement of chaplains, clerks, and quire—were dispersed. Soldiers bivouacked in one part of the cathedral, hay was stored in another, and the whole given over to desecration and violence.

Nevertheless, comparatively speaking, Cologne cathedral fared better than many that had suffered before it, or than another, a fair sister of the Rhine, that was suffering near it. The windows were shot through, the ornaments broken, and the monuments plundered by the soldiers, but the whole time of their occupation did not leave anything like the traces of that devastation which a troop of Cromwell's soldiery would have committed in a single day. Nor was it reduced to such a strait as, like Strasburg, to be saved from destruction only by the clever turn which hung out the red cap of liberty from its spire, and proclaimed it a member of the Jacobin Club. The treasures of the sacristy had been removed in safety, and though the Shrine of the Three Kings is generally said to have lost its glories then, yet there are voices in Cologne which aver that the system of exchanging precious stones for false had commenced far earlier. Perhaps the most serious loss was the destruction of the cathedral archives, which are remembered to have been carted away in six loads from the cellars of the cathedral—including, no doubt, many of the books of Bishop Hildebold—and dispersed as old rubbish. Probably the only chance of tracing the original architect was lost on this occasion.

Meanwhile the scattered members of the chapter had gathered together at Arensburg in Westphalia, and there, clinging to the ancient exercise of their power, they, on the death of their archbishop, which occurred in 1801, proceeded to elect his successor, in the person of another archduke of Austria. This was only mocking themselves with idle state—they might elect, but they could no longer invest. The peace of Luneville had already annexed the left bank of the Rhine to the republic of France, and instead of the splendor of an archiepiscopal establishment, and the dignity of a St. Peter's of the north, the cathedral of Cologne was cut down to the rank of parish church of the district, with one pastor and two sub-pastors.

Now was the goodly building fallen indeed!—the hand of time and the hand of man both alike hard upon her—without, her walls decaying—within, her pleasant places laid waste—the cloven tongue of the mitre no longer resting upon her—her pompous retinue cut off—her heritage given to the stranger—her friends standing aloof—and her enemies mocking at her desolation. For Bertholet, the new French bishop appointed by-and-by to Aix-la-Chapelle by the modern Charlemagne, congratulated the people of Cologne on the fine Gothic ruin within their walls, and advised them to plant poplars around to increase the effect.

In this state, without the means for undertaking

the most partial repairs, and nothing less than the most complete being required, the burghers of Cologne applied to Napoleon, to save what they now began to suspect had been for many an age the greatest attraction of their city. Forty thousand francs, or about £1600 a year, to keep it up, was all they asked—and this was as summarily refused; whereupon the doom of the cathedral was considered to be sealed. Every year now added its compound interest to the damage already incurred—the stonework crumbled—the temporary roofings rotted the iron stanchions only unsettled what they were intended to strengthen—the roof of the choir was in a deplorable condition, and nothing, in short, but that peculiar tenacity of life which resides in the buildings of the 13th and 14th centuries, could have preserved it from becoming the literal ruin which had been predicted.

Thus it stood—a spectacle to gods and men. And the stranger who passed by looked up at the wasting structure, either with indifference, admiration, or regret, as the structure of his own heart might be. Many a disciple of David Hume visited Cologne, and like his master never noticed that there was a *Dome* at all—Schlegel dubbed it "an enormous crystallization"—Goethe likened it to a mighty tree spreading forth its branches—poor Hood, in whose later writings there is so much profound feeling simply and memorably expressed, lamented over it as "a broken promise to God"—and Wordsworth burst into that noble sonnet—

"Oh! for the help of angels to complete

This temple—angels governed by a plan

Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by man,

Studios that He might not disdain the seat

Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat

Hath failed; and now, ye powers! whose gorgeous wings

And splendid aspect yon emblazonings

But faintly picture, 't were an office meet

For you, on these unfinished shafts to try

The midnight virtues of your harmony—

This vast design might tempt you to repeat

Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground

Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound

Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!"

But a spark of the "inspiring heat" had still lingered in Cologne—and it was one of her own children, who, baptized at her altar and taught beneath her walls, now came forward—not to rescue the failing parent from destruction—this was too sanguine a hope even for him—but to preserve the memory of her greatness from oblivion. It was Sulpice Boisserée—one of two brothers of whom Cologne may well be proud—who first really bestirred his energies in the cause of the cathedral. Under his superintendence, careful measurements and beautiful drawings were made of the principal portions, which were subsequently given to the public in a series of engravings, admirable in execution and magnificent in scale. The efforts intended to memorialize the last days of the cathedral, proved the chief means of procuring it better; for this remarkable work, enriched with a valuable historical notice by M. Boisserée himself, attracted the attention of all lovers of art throughout Germany. No direct allusion, however, is made by M. Boisserée to the continuation of the building, further than a few words, which, in 1810, quite as much implied its

hopelessness as its feasibility—namely, that such a measure could only become possible “under the special favor of a mighty prince, and the auspices of a long and happy peace.”

Soon after this the struggle for independence began—the German states threw off the yoke of France—and in 1814 the Rhenish provinces were attached to the Prussian monarchy. The return of peace was hailed with national transports. The Germans felt that they were free, and forgot they were poor. Temples, pillars, and memorials of all sorts were proposed by hundreds from the Rhine to the Elbe;—and, in the midst of the clamor, a strong voice from the *Rheinische Mercur* called upon the people not to form new schemes and begin new works, but to honor their forefathers and exculpate themselves by completing—as the worthiest monument of peace—the sacred cathedral of Cologne. But auspicious as the occasion seemed, it was not the right one;—the fervor of national gratitude passed away;—each had some little edifice of his own at home to look after, while the late wars had damaged or overturned, and the cathedral languished and crumbled as before.

However, M. Boisserée had not relaxed in his interest for the cause, and an accident presently occurred that greatly helped him on. This was the discovery of the original design for the northern tower, which had been carted out with the rest of the documents, and found its way to an inn at Darmstadt. Here, being a magnificent piece of parchment, some excellent *hausfrau* pounced upon it, and nailed it on to a stretcher for the notable purpose of drying her beans—in which capacity it was found by a scene-painter engaged in getting up an arch of triumph for some festival of volunteers. The discovery was instantly communicated to M. Boisserée, who lost no time in obtaining possession of the precious relic by purchase. The drawing is 13 feet high, and three feet two inches wide, beautifully and delicately executed in ink, and with wonderfully few marks of the many dangers it had undergone. It comprises the northern tower from the base to the tip of the spire, with more than half of the western gable front between.

M. Boisserée's attention was next attracted to a plate in No. 12 of Willemin's “*Monumens Français inédits*,” representing a great western window corresponding exactly with the position of that contained in the Cologne design, with the name of Peter van Sardaam below. Hoping, therefore, to find some scholar of the Cologne school of architecture in an older representative of this name, M. Boisserée, wrote to the editor for information, who replied that the name of Peter van Sardaam had been merely of his own supplying, and that the window in question was in reality taken from a large architectural design in his possession. For this again M. Boisserée paid a high price, and on its arrival recognized the southern tower of the cathedral, and the fellow-drawing to that he already had. This was much the more injured of the two, and, what was still more trying, there appeared at top, next the spire, a small anagram, above which were evident traces of an obliterated name, which, it is provoking to infer, must have been that of the designer himself. A few deviations from this plan appeared in the portion of the southern tower already completed, but this only the more substantiated the date of these designs, which we have every reason to believe are the same originally submitted to the approbation of Conrad of Hochsteden. How the last-found draw-

ing made its way to Paris is easily accounted for in the indiscriminate transfer of all objects of art thither. Two smaller drawings accompanied it on its return, which proved to be portions of the choir, though executed by a different hand.

Still there was nothing done for the Cathedral, and, as if the building itself gave up all hope, the old crane, which had so long appealed from earth to heaven in vain, now fairly gave way. For nearly four centuries it had proclaimed to a cold and thankless generation that the vows of their fathers were unfulfilled. For more than four centuries it had borne unmoved the blast of every wind that blows, and called them

“not so rude
As man's ingratitude.”

At last, weary and time-worn, it fell from its high estate, and, if ever a crane can be said to die of a broken heart, that crane certainly did.

No sooner was it gone, however, than the citizens were visited by strange compunctions. They did not know how dear that poor crane had been, till they missed the familiar form that had so long bent over them. It seemed as if the guardian angel of the city was removed. Some of them could not sleep, and, though hard to believe, it is said some of them could not eat—at all events, one old *Bürgermeister* could not die comfortably in his bed till he had bequeathed a legacy towards replacing it; and then all clubbed together, and a new crane was actually reared at a considerable expense upon the old position. Considering the state and prospects of the Cathedral at that time, we do not know any act of the present age so gratifyingly useless. It is hard to believe that it was—not the fun of a set of young students, or the sentiment of a committee of fair ladies—but the deliberate will of a corporation of fat German *Bürgermeisters* which performed such a piece of practical poetry no later than the year 1819. Such was the general feeling, that a very edifying, though common-place, history of the town and cathedral, written at that time, is gravely dated, “1820—The year after the erection of the new crane upon the tower of the Cathedral.” The good citizens deserved to have their Cathedral repaired for them after this, and so it soon was.

The Prussian treasury had meanwhile somewhat recruited itself. The Crown Prince, his present Majesty, had visited Cologne, mounted to the roof of the edifice, and lamented over its desolation—the condition of the building was shortly after officially inquired into and reported, and in 1824 the long needed repairs at length commenced. For the enormous roof and other crying distresses the sum of 105,000 thalers, or about 18,000*l.*, was immediately granted, and, while this was being applied, architects were employed in estimating the amount required to put the whole into thorough repair, which they finally reported at a sum of 381,000 thalers, or about 65,000*l.* in addition. At this, though by no means so much as might have been expected, the Prussian government drew back in dismay, and the undertaking seemed in danger of being abandoned. Whether the condition of the Cathedral had attracted royal attention to that of the diocese, or *vice versa*, it matters not here to inquire. At all events, about this time the ancient archiepiscopate of Cologne was restored; shorn indeed of its worldly honors, but in spiritual integrity most worthily filled in the person of Charles, Count Spiegel zum Deseenberg. One of the first

acts of this venerable prelate was to renew an old Cathedral tax* in favor of the repairs, which, with his own urgent advocacy of the cause, finally determined the government to undertake them in the fullest extent.

This included every portion of the exterior, from the grandest rockwork masses of strength to the minutest lacework tracery of ornament; and a host of workmen, chiefly gathered from the city itself, were soon organized in regular squadrons and actively engaged. The roof and walls, in themselves a gigantic undertaking, were first thoroughly secured. The magnificent buttresses, which, with their flying wings, and forest of bristling piers and pinnacles, were by far the most expensive and intricate section of the work, were fourteen of them in part rebuilt, and all repaired. The stone shafts and tracery of the enormous choir windows, 54 feet high, which, instead of protecting, had begun to demolish the gorgeous colored glass in them, were entirely renewed, and the glass itself, broken, maimed, and obscured with the coatings of centuries was taken out, cleaned and mended. When the exterior had thus renewed its youth, the interior was cared for in turn. Here every damaged or failing feature, in stone, marble, or metal, passed under the healing hand of the careful workman. The walls were cleansed from every stain—new and old stone united under the same tempered color—the gold stars in the roof twinkled again from their places—the beautiful leafy capitals lay with their golden foliage upon a scarlet ground—the figures of the apostles upon the piers, with their gorgeous brackets and canopies, revelled in the brightest hues the palette could supply; and then the colored glass was replaced, and the light which streamed in upon the restored decencies of the holy place was richer and more glowing than it had been for ages.

It was twelve years before all this was accomplished—and no wonder, for the labors were multifarious, and the funds administered in but a slender stream. Meanwhile, a grand plan on the part of the city for completing the whole building, by merely levying a tax of seven *Pfennings* per head *throughout Germany*, came, as might have been expected, to nothing; while another, more highly patronized, for continuing it in a very bad fashion, threatened to be fulfilled. It was evident not only that the service of the church required the completion of the building, but also that the choir itself, in a constructive sense, needed the support of the body. A proposition, accordingly, for a cheaper style of completion—leaving the ornaments *en bloc*—substituting stouter piers within, and dispensing with the elaborate buttress-work without, and introducing iron shafts for the roof instead of stone groining—had met with the sanction of government:—but luckily the death of the architect from whom it chiefly emanated, and the appointment of Herr Swirner as *Dombau-meister*, presented a double guarantee against such doings. This gentleman, whom knowledge of his profession, and reverence for the cathedral, equally qualify for his position, instantly felt how opposed was such a plan to the original intention; much, however, still remained to be done before the mischief would begin, and therefore he wisely waited the course of events.

It was evident now to the citizens of Cologne that, if ever their cathedral was to be completed, this was the time. The nature and extent of the

repairs had in themselves raised up a school of workmen entirely competent to carry on the work. Public interest had been attracted to the subject—a reverence for old times and old things had returned—and the happy peace, and the mighty Prince to whom Boisserée had in faith pointed, were both presiding over the land. At this juncture the king of Prussia died—his present majesty ascended the throne—all favors and all grievances hastened to unfold themselves in the first sunshine of his popularity—a cry of "*Jetzt oder nie*"—now or never—was echoed from journal to journal along the Rhine;—the citizens of Cologne met together—made glowing speeches, and quoted Goethe, Schlegel, Boisserée, Wallraf, and every other writer who had even alluded to the cathedral—the first outline of a *Dombau Verein*, or cathedral-building society was formed; and, finally, a requisition, signed by two hundred of the most respectable citizens, reporting their wants and wishes, and imploring royal help and sanction, reached Berlin in September, 1840, a few days before the coronation.

His majesty's answer was everything that could be desired. He took the society under his especial patronage—encouraged them to collect funds—directed that the southern aisles should be forthwith continued at his own expense, and reserved for speedy consideration the amount of his further help. This was sufficient to stir the flame. All Cologne flew, not to arms, but to committees—they made statutes and revoked them—shed tears—complimented one another—embraced one another—then contradicted one another, and under these circumstances spent some time before they thoroughly understood one another. At length it was settled that an annual contribution of one thaler should constitute a member—that the funds should be strictly appropriated to the cathedral as a Roman Catholic place of worship—that the honorary presidency should be vested in the archbishop, and that a working board and president should be elected from year to year till the building was completed. Lists were now kept open at the principal places of resort for members to enrol, and in February, 1842, a grand procession was formed, which, after attending high mass, proceeded to the Gürzenich, an old hall in Cologne appropriated to public purposes, where the views of the society were eloquently explained, and all ranks and ages invited to join. Numbers flocked to the standard that day, and, as an instance of the pervading enthusiasm, a little lady, with the long name of Maria Eva Petronella Paulina Hubertina Groyen, born at eight o'clock that morning, was enrolled the junior member of the society by ten. Before the evening closed the names amounted to about five thousand. From this day, therefore, date the operations of the Central Society.

In a few days the news of the Gürzenich meeting had spread far and wide, and Germany at large began to respond. Branch societies were speedily formed in neighboring states, and even in distant lands, for the Germans at Rome, headed by Thorwaldsen and Overbeck, were among the first to announce their adherence. Contributions in money and in kind, not to mention congratulations in prose and verse, poured in. Ladies worked banners and wax flowers—authors wrote books—artists gave pictures to be raffled for, and that with which Germans throw a sentiment over all that is coarse and common beside—their delicious music—lifted up a willing voice, and *Sänger Vereins*, with sweet

* Ten groschen for a marriage, five for a baptism, and two and a half for a burial.

choral strains that would draw tears, to say nothing of thalers, out of hearts of stone, made over their profits to the cause.

Foremost in the generous race of benefactors must be mentioned the burghers of Stuttgart, who, as early as September, 1841, freighted a vessel with hewn stone, and sent it down the Rhine—begging, in quaint phrase, that the materials might become a window in that side of the cathedral facing their Württemberg—namely, on the south.

By this time the want of some separate organ to report the business part of the undertaking, receive the learned suggestions, and foster the growing zeal, was much felt, and the *Domblatt*, as a gratis supplement to the weekly *Cölnische Zeitung*, was now set up.

While the common fund was thus swelling, the king had not been unmindful of his promise, and it was duly announced that the royal contributor would take the lead with the annual sum of 50,000 thalers, or about £8000—his majesty further signifying his intention of assisting in person at the consecration of the second foundation-stone of the cathedral, which was fixed for the 4th of September, 1842.

On that day, therefore, the gates of the city opened wide to receive a royal train, such as they had seen often in the olden time—but not come from wars and feuds, or from a truce destined to cease the moment the errand was over, but come in peace with each other and with all men, and intent only on using the sacred occasion as a further bond for its blessings. With his majesty came the queen, the prince of Prussia, and five other princes of the house of Brandenburg; the arch-duke John of Austria, the crown prince of Bavaria, our own prince George of Cambridge; with dukes and grand dukes, princes and counts—the flower of the German confederacy; while over the bridge of boats and through every inlet to the city there streamed a countless crowd, which even the vast crescent of the city walls seemed insufficient to contain; and cannon roared, and music swelled, and every tower of every church in the many-churched Cologne sounded its iron tongue, and the grand cathedral bells were heard above them all. Proud and happy men that day were the members of the *Dombau Verein*—mustering, with the deputies from the branch societies, some fifteen thousand in number; each distinguished by a medal, and envied for the privileges it implied; and many in the fulness of their hearts promising to double their subscription from that day—which some *did*.

The ceremony began with high mass at the cathedral, performed by the archbishop-coadjutor, at which their majesties and their distinguished guests, with the members of the society, and the whole body of the workmen, attended. The newly beautified choir, reopened for the first time, excited the greatest admiration. Service being concluded, the cathedral poured forth its thousands, which, being joined by the thousands more awaiting them without, formed into a procession, for numbers and union of all classes and interests almost unprecedented. The staid and grave *Dombau Verein* represented the learned professions, with those countless grades above and below, whom the education of modern times has equalized. The hardy and picturesque ranks of cathedral workmen included every department and degree of skill and handicraft from the architect to the glazier. The glittering uniforms showed every gradation of service, civil and military, under every crown of

Europe. Every striking variety of clerical costume was arrayed in attendance on the archiepiscopal crozier—while the whole was brought up by a heterogeneous but orderly mass, in which the sturdy peasantry from the surrounding country supplied the only class not hitherto mentioned. Many were the hearts that day which swelled with the sense of wishes now fulfilled, and labors now rewarded, but none with so warm a glow, or so just a title, as that of the aged Sulpice Boisserée, who walked conspicuous in the procession, and was hailed with enthusiasm wherever he turned.

And now, while this remarkable procession was winding through the principal streets, received at every house they passed with every demonstration that joy and devotion could suggest, the great *Dom Platz*, or square on the south of the cathedral, where were stationed all the schools and charitable institutions with which Cologne abounds, had become the focus of gathering interest. It was from the centre portal of the southern transept that the second foundation of the cathedral was to start. In the space, therefore, stretching from the choir to the southern tower, a tribune for spectators had been erected; from the midst of which rose a richly decorated pavilion. Here their majesties with their brilliant cortège soon mounted—the procession arrived and defiled with thundering *vivats* before them—then, as the body of the clergy approached, the royal head, with every other, was uncovered—the exquisite strains of the *Veni Creator!* silenced every other sound—the archbishop slowly pronounced “Domine! exaudi orationem meam,” and the consecration service began.

The scene was one which none present can ever forget. The day was fine, with deep blue sky and shifting white clouds. The gigantic grey mass of the cathedral, now sparkling with its countless detail in sunshine, now hiding all but its huge outline in the shade, seemed lifted from its foundations upon a sloping bank of human heads, interspersed with floating flags and waving banners, which spread like a torrent into every corner of the irregular plain; every head being turned towards a small vacant space midway between choir and tower, over which hung suspended one single block of stone, and whence rose and fell in measured tones the solemn responses of the choir.

Just six hundred years had elapsed since all Cologne assembled on this same spot for a similar purpose, and much had grown up and fallen down in the time. The old world had changed—a new one had been discovered. Raphael had painted and Shakspeare written—Luther preached and Voltaire blasphemed. The Archbishops of Cologne had lost a crown, and the Margraves of Brandenburg had gained one. Still, had a burgher of the thirteenth century arisen from the dead beneath their feet, and stood in that inner circle overlooking the foundation, he would have beheld a venerable prelate clad in the same vestments, and performing the same rite; he would have seen a stone from the old Mother Quarry of Drachenfels, sprinkled with water from the old Father Rhine; he would have observed a slight alteration in the machinery above his head, and in the costumes of those who stood about him, but soon found out that men of like passions with himself guided the one and wore the other; he would have seen nothing new that human intelligence might not have attained, and nothing missing that human infirmity might not have forfeited—but one thing his mind would have stumbled at, as equally beyond the pale of his expe-

rience and the limit of his belief, and that is, how a monarch of one creed could openly and solemnly assist to build a church for another, and that creed one denied by his forefathers and himself, and yet personally not err in so doing.

The block was lowered, and the archbishop, assisted by Swirner, adjusted it into its place with the usual form of words. The king descended from the tribune—addressed the multitude with the facility which distinguishes him—took the mallet, and, amid roars of applause, struck the newly laid stone three times. Then, whilst the mallet passed in turn to all the royal personages, and to every individual of distinction, the archbishop, the president of the society, and the *Dombau Meister* spoke in succession. The king's speech had been short, patriotic, German—and quite latitudinarian. The prelate's was long, courteous, and most carefully Roman Catholic. The president addressed himself especially to the societies, and encouraged them to continue their zeal. The *Dombau Meister* turned particularly to the artisans, and bade them prove their skill—concluding a manly, honest effusion with the sentiment of Schiller's song of the Bell:—

"Let praise be to the workman given,
But the blessing comes from Heaven."

He was answered by a "hurrah" from the tower. The crane moved slowly on its axis—a chorus of workmen's voices rose in sonorous melody—a block of stone was seen mounting slowly through the air—every hat was waved, his majesty's the heartiest of them all, and amidst roars of cannon one stone more was added to that tower where the last had been left above four centuries before.

Thus terminated the ceremonies of the day as far as the cathedral was concerned. We have dwelt upon them thus at length, not because of the temporary excitement, picturesque beauty, or solemn nature of the scene; but because, to our view, the occasion included far more than the mere laying of a foundation-stone, or the paying of a royal visit. Neither one nor the other, taken separately, was very remarkable in itself, but in the bridge that bound them together every stone had been laid by time and graven by history.

The day was a fruitful one. The *Dombblatt* teemed with contributions from every class of society. The King of Bavaria promised the painted glass for the four south windows, and a tradesman in Cologne gave two thousand two-inch nails. The Duke d'Arenberg subscribed a thousand thalers a year for his possessions on the Rhine, and common laborers gave annually the value of a day's hire. Officers of regiments clubbed together from their mess, and private soldiers who had helped to extinguish a fire presented their *Trinkgeld*. Schoolboys sent in their prizes, and young girls their trinkets. Parents made a thank-offering for the recovery of a child, and penitents a sin-offering for a burdened conscience—while one result of his majesty's personal patronage was an exemption from postage for all business concerning the cathedral, throughout the Prussian dominions—an example that has been followed by other states.

In the midst of all this overflowing enthusiasm, a task, requiring consummate tact and dexterity as well as professional skill, had fallen to the share of the chief architect. His first care was to obtain the reversion of the late king's order, touching the continuation of the edifice upon a cheaper scale—chiefly at the sacrifice of the grand external buttresses. This, with the faithful help of Sulpice

Boisserée, he proved to be objectional on technical as well as on æsthetic grounds—adducing the cathedral of Utrecht as an example, where, a similar plan of economy having been pursued, a great storm in the seventeenth century overthrew the body of the church, while the choir, supported like the Cologne one, remained uninjured. Upon such arguments, and with the feeling that all half-measures were unworthy of the cause, the Board directed the words "that the building of the cathedral be continued according to the original intention," to be inserted into the first article of their statutes, and obtained the royal sanction to that effect.

Swirner's next task was to convince the society that there were certain laws connected with the erection of the cathedral more imperative even than those of boards and presidents. For, stimulated by the natural desire to see some result for their money as soon as possible, the worthy citizens had settled it among themselves that those portions, such as the towers, which *told* most to the eye, should be first set in progress; while every little society sent in its mite with express stipulation of its being devoted to some particular feature of the building to which they and their descendants forever might point with tears of rapture. Through all these delicate difficulties the worthy *Meister* steered with admirable adroitness. He promised to comply with all separate wishes as speedily as was consistent with the nature of the work; explained that, for reasons obvious to all, the corresponding portions of a building must advance at the same pace—that a single window could not grow here, nor a separate pier start there, and above all that it was necessary to finish the main body of the church before attempting the steeples. To this, therefore, all parties were at length brought to consent. The completion of the towers has been abandoned for the present, and all the efforts of the king and people are directed to those portions which are essential to constitute a perfect church—the royal funds being especially devoted to the south side, the society's to the north.

With these and other hindrances several months passed away before any apparent progress was made—the workmen being amply employed in completing the repairs, and in preparing a stock of materials for future use. The stone of the 4th of September, as we have shown, was laid at the western pier of the centre arch of the southern transept. The preparations for this had been combined with unforeseen labor, for, on examining the foundations of the south front, above one half was found to be entirely wanting—and of what existed, only a small portion, connected with the choir and evidently coeval with it, had been finished to the original depth; an extent therefore of eighty feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and forty-six in depth, had to be completely supplied; being built, like the rest of the cathedral foundations, of basaltic columns, filled up with the well-known lava-stone from the Brohl valley; and which, after the placing of the stone, were left to settle.

The wall of the south aisles was now commenced and raised to the level of that on the north, including the four great windows with their tracery, the broad foliage moulding above, and the grotesque gutter-heads. The removal of the temporary roofs next followed, which, owing to their extent and rottenness, was attended with great difficulty and some danger, when the interior piers, which, as we have said elsewhere, had been advanced to the height of forty-two feet, were found in a

state which rendered their preservation up to that moment a matter of wonder. Most of them, from the absence of due consolidating pressure from above, had swerved from the perpendicular, and some so perilously so that a slight sideward pressure sufficed to set the whole mass tottering from the base upward. To remedy this without completely pulling them down, required great skill and no little time—after which they were carried up to the destined height, and the stone vaulting gradually proceeded with.

North and south walls being thus brought up to the same level, the south transept was resumed, and preparations made to proceed simultaneously with north transept and tower. For this purpose an order was procured from the archbishop for the demolition of the church of Sta. Maria in Pasculo, as also of a chapter-house similarly intrusive. As soon as the removal of the rubbish permitted, the foundations were examined, when the same deficiency that had met them on the south side, though not to such an extent, was discovered here. The northern tower in its turn offered unforeseen difficulties. The old stump of the southwestern pier, which we have mentioned as having been abandoned at the height of forty-two feet, was found so utterly worn away with length of exposure that no course remained but to take it entirely down. This done, the ground was cleared and preparations made for laying the first rounds of the central pier; no doubt being entertained that the foundations for this, as for the other piers of the tower, according to the rules of building, had been placed coevally. Great, therefore, was Swirner's dismay in finding, after a toilsome exploration of above thirty feet in depth, that none whatever existed. Already a heavy expense which had not entered into the estimates has thus been necessitated—and it remains to be proved whether the other piers will not be found equally unprovided for.* To supply the basaltic columns for this and any other foundation emergencies is not difficult, as the banks of the Rhine are plentifully furnished with basaltic quarries, but otherwise the supply of materials for the building has been a question of great trouble to the architect.

It is well known that the fine trap-rock quarries of the Drachenfels had been, both for their intrinsic excellence and from their vicinity to the river, in vogue with all Rhenish architects from the earliest times. The Romans worked them, as an abundance of their remains testify, while so many of the early churches of Lower Germany, and especially those along the Rhine, are found to be bone of its bone, that the wonder is how so much of the "castled crag" still survives. The present cathedral—probably that of Hildebold also—having been entirely drawn from the Drachenfels—the great quarry on the south side had always kept the name of the *Dom Kaule*; but to all appearance this had been in disuse during many centuries: it was quite overgrown with dwarf wood and vineyards; while a quarry on the west side, from which it does not seem that the Dom was ever fed, had been, from its contiguity to the high road, especially interdicted by government. But moreover, principally from the mouldering aspect of the Cologne *Dom* itself, the Drachenfels stone had fallen into disrepute with modern architects; and therefore, for the restoration of the choir end, the millstone-quarries of Niedermendig and Mayen were put into requisition.

Of the durability of this stone, in the most delicate forms and under the severest exposure, there is ample evidence on the Rhine; but the darkness of the color, only increased by time, proved an objection, which ultimately led to a royal order for its discontinuance. Many experiments and efforts were now made to test the qualities of various stones, and ensure a steady supply, and quarries were opened at a distance both on the Mosel and on the Neckar, thus occasioning great expense and delay. But ere long it was whispered that the old Drachenfels had been too hastily traduced. It had been observed, that while parts of the external ornaments of the cathedral had been entirely obliterated, others remained as sharp as when first put up. This discrepancy was now found to originate in an organic peculiarity of the stone, of which the preceding race of savants, it seems, had been totally unaware. The rocks of the Drachenfels are largely impregnated with feldspar crystals, lying together in parallel strata. In the direction of these strata the stone divides easily; across them, it requires labor. With the strata the rocks in their native state splinter and crack off perpetually; across them, they defy both time and weather. Where, therefore, in building, the crystals have been placed vertically, the stone has crumbled away; where horizontally, it has remained uninjured. This was a welcome discovery for Mr. Swirner, and the facts were no sooner established than the *Domblatt* announced a deed of gift, by which the worthy proprietor of the south side of the Drachenfels, the Chevalier Dahm, made over that portion called the *Dom Kaule* for the free use of the Central Society during the next twenty years. We rejoice in this; for, setting aside the obvious advantage of continuing with the same materials, it seemed hard that, while all were contributing to the cathedral, its own parent after the flesh should alone be debarred. Even the lime for the mortar is the same that was used before, being brought from Paffrath and Gladbach on the right bank of the Rhine.

We must now take a glance inside. While the interior reparations were in progress, the remains of some fresco paintings, in the space round and above the arches of the inner choir, surrounding the high altar, had come to light. Here, the last century's customary coating of whitewash being removed, there emerged angelic figures of great solemnity, two to each arch, holding the vessels of sacrifice and worship, all upon a gold damask pattern ground. Even in their faded and imperfect state the effect was so grand that it was unanimously determined to call in the aid of modern art and replace them. The choice fell upon Steidle, known chiefly in England by his outline drawings of the Seven Works of Mercy. This artist has adhered closely to the spirit of the old composition; indeed, with the religious feelings that he has, he could not do otherwise. The larger spandrels of the side arches he has filled with angels and archangels, with their appropriate attributes; while in the smaller compartments over the altar appear the mysterious four-winged cherubims, veiling their faces from the divine splendor.

The angels are eleven feet in length—highly graceful, if not too solemn to be so called—with grand wings and sublime expressionless heads. We have seen no better specimens of modern fresco. The general effect, as concerns the rest of the building, is most admirable—the height of the arches giving glimpses of the floating celestial

* The last building report, received while these sheets are going through the press, proves this to be the case.

hierarchy from every part and thus announcing that which is holiest of all.

We wish we could say anything in favor of the fourteen statues upon the outer sides of the same choir piers; the recent painting of which, though equally supported by ancient example, we cannot help feeling to be a thing that no precedent can defend. Setting aside the generally affected and unimposing character of the statues themselves, we safely appeal to the reader, what must be the effect of a stone figure, six feet and a half high, painted with black hair and beard, red cheeks and lips, and drapery in every gaudy variety of red, blue, green, and gold, the pattern carefully picked out. The province of true art is not to deceive the senses, but to please or exalt the imagination—in a sacred building certainly the latter: the province of such art as this is to give the idea of a Chinese mandarin, and the association of a Vauxhall. Even the defence made on the score of carrying out the brilliant hues of the windows, is untenable, for the effect is utterly to overpower them. One of the chief charms of painted windows is the contrast they oppose to the broad masses, the sombre lights and shades, and the dim *reflected* coloring of the architecture surrounding them, and which is of course sacrificed the moment you cover the architecture itself with a glare of colors. The statue, in this instance, does not even keep its real size, for the vulgar brightness of the paint has brought it unduly close to the eye. We especially grudge the disfiguration of the canopies and brackets, as they are far superior as works of art. The brackets, like the capitals of the piers, are composed of foliage and fruit—the hop, the fig, the vine, &c., in exquisite form and relief;—the canopies of the richest architectural delicacy, with angels upon them playing on different musical instruments—in allusion to their position in the choir;—the whole, comprising canopy, figure, and bracket, above sixteen feet high, and twelve feet from the ground. The same objections do not apply to the capitals supporting the roof; only two colors, scarlet and gold, have been used here, and those are appropriately sobered by their distance from the eye. Traces of gilding and color in a damask pattern were also found, reaching about twelve feet up the choir piers, one of which has been renewed in the same style by way of experiment, but pronounced unsuccessful. We sincerely hope no further essay of the kind will be made, as every stroke of a gaudy brush within the cathedral walls will only lessen the solemnity of its grand space and sublime masses, and especially mar the effect both of the fresco designs and of the colored windows.

If we consider the immense substructure of tedious preparation required at the outset of an undertaking comprising, like this, the one general effort of a fresh foundation, and the thousand minutiae of a precise *joining on*, the progress made in the course of four years is a satisfactory proof of the saving of time due to modern machinery, and of the efficiency of those to whom the works are intrusted. Nevertheless, to the many impatient observers who looked up daily and wondered what had become of their thalers, we can imagine that the business appeared to make but very slow way. It was, therefore, a satisfaction to all parties when, in May, 1845, Swirner availed himself of a society anniversary, to throw open the now perfect south aisles, from which the public had been banished for above two years; they resumed possession with great enthusiasm. A further ebullition of popular

feeling took place on occasion of our queen's visit to the Rhine, when her majesty assisted to place a beautiful bracket in the centre arch of the north front, and left a donation of 500*l*. About the same time the emperor of Austria and the king of Belgium also forwarded very handsome contributions.

Since then the progress of the building has told more. The beautiful and elaborate decorations which had been slowly executing in the workshops, are now rapidly taking their places on the building. The fronts of both north and south transepts, with their richly perforated gables and exquisite triple arches, stand sparkling in the first brightness of newly hewn stone. The internal piers have reached their full height, and preparations for vaulting them over are begun. The failing compartments of the northern aisles are perfected, and the north tower is the centre of activity. Such is the amount of hewn stone already in hand, from the massive uniform rounds of the piers to the most intricate details of Gothic sculpture, no two of which are alike, that the *Domblaumeister* looks forward with confidence to throwing open the whole body of the building—aisles and transepts complete, and nave finished up to above the level of the clerestory windows with a temporary roof over—by the 14th of August, 1848, when a grand celebration of the cathedral's six hundredth birthday is to take place. The final completion to the tip of the spires, with full complement of external buttresses, was not originally anticipated within less than twenty-five years; and at the pace of progress now going on, which will not abate unless the funds do, this is still expected to be fulfilled.

The branch societies now amount to above 130 in number, including one of the Germans settled in Mexico, but none, strange to say, of those in England. The whole amount hitherto subscribed, (August, 1846,) exclusive of the government's annual 50,000 thalers, reaches to about 300,000 thalers, or 50,000*l*. It is very agreeable to see that the payments continue from year to year to increase; but still it is evident that it will require a much larger annual return before twenty-five years can accomplish a work estimated at the round sum of five millions of thalers, or nearly a million sterling.

We hope the best. The more the cathedral grows, the more its beauties develop, the greater the pride of finishing and the shame of again abandoning it. It is but natural, however, to surmise that much of the existing glow will have cooled away before the lapse of five-and-twenty years; at any rate, all the Vanity Fair ingenuities for scraping together money, the balling, and bazaaring, and raffling, and the list of fine-lady trumperies, in Germany more trumpery still than anywhere else, which have run riot at the start, must subside long ere then. The completion of the cathedral will then devolve upon those whose motive is not an indulgence of vanity, or taste, or mere sentiment, but a principle of religious duty—we mean upon the Roman Catholics of Germany. As it is, all the immediate agents for the cause, both those who are conducting the works and those who superintend the outlay, are zealous Romanists. The *Domblatt* itself is an ultra-Catholic organ, while the very existence of the Central Society, on which all the others hang, is based upon the one primary condition of the cathedral being finished and upheld as a strictly Roman Catholic temple, and not a single thaler applied to it with any other view.

We are no admirers of some of the reasons

which the king of Prussia avowed in the speech of Sept. 1842, for his ardor in this great work. His majesty's words about all differences of creed being buried in it, savored too much of the modern Protestantism of his country. But the work is a great one, and a national one, and therefore king and cottager do well to befriend it. And indeed, in case of any unfortunate falling off in the general subscriptions, we think the king would stand in need of no apology should he undertake to complete the work himself; for his majesty is in possession of the magnificent revenues of the Cologne see, and the appointments of the modern archbishop make but a small deduction from them.

From the Spectator, 14 Nov.

WHATEVER may become of the dispute between the governments of France and England, however menacing the aspect kept up in London, there are still in Paris signs that the disagreement is not past recall. Lord Normanby, as ambassador, acting upon his instructions, is on one point inexorably sulky, but as a man he is as urbane as possible; and the French government shows every desire to conciliate him.

A good deal of speculation has been excited in Paris by the fact that King Leopold, who had been visiting his wife's family, did not stay to see the Duke de Montpensier and his bride, and that the Belgian ambassador staid away from the "reception" by the duke and duchess. Reports differ as to the king's real opinion; some representing him as leaving congratulatory messages, others as expressing utter disapproval of the Spanish match. There is no evidence that he has done anything but what might have been expected from his position and character—preserve an impartial bearing towards his French and his English relatives. He was called away to the opening of the chambers in his own kingdom; and may yet, if needful, prove a good mediator. In many respects he is well suited for the office. King Leopold is not only a statesman of unusual experience in affairs, and royal by station, but he is familiar with the society, the habits, and the views, both of the French and English palaces. His interests are pledged to peace; for Belgium has had the dismal distinction of being the battle-field of Europe, and would most assuredly be so again in any general contest. He understands state policy; he has often displayed good sense and good taste; and probably both sides would have faith in the sincerity of his desire not to betray the interests of either. We cannot believe the reports of some journalists, that King Leopold has forfeited his advantageous position by any indiscreet declarations.

It is rumored that Lord Brougham has undertaken to appear as counsel for the French government in the British parliament—that is, to state the case of that government. Our whig papers have raised a shout of ridicule against Lord Brougham, in order by anticipation to diminish the effect of his agency. It is very likely that the French government may have overrated Lord Brougham's personal influence as a public man. Seeing the prominent part he has played in national measures actually adopted, the part he still takes in council, his untiring activity, his personal intimacy with distinguished statesmen, and even with several royal acquaintances, they may naturally suppose that he possesses a coextensive influence. They may know as a matter of information, but can

scarcely feel as a matter of fact, how little way the influence of talent makes with us against the dead weight of three overriding influences, birth, wealth, and party connexions. Even if they had such knowledge, it is probable that party influence would have debarred them from obtaining any other patron as good. Nor is it to be denied that, for all his eccentricity and discursiveness, Lord Brougham has in an extraordinary degree the faculty of stating a case in the most lucid and emphatic manner. If he has undertaken the mission, we believe that he will discharge it more effectively than any other orator.

We no less think that the mission is one honorable in itself. Whoever may prove to be "right" or "wrong" in the affair, it will be convenient for all parties to have it distinctly and authoritatively set forth and kept clear from misrepresentation. And it is an interesting trait in the international relations of the two countries, to see the French government so desirous of bringing its own case before the British public, as to appoint an honorary agent in our parliament.

It is to be hoped that M. Guizot is sincere in his desire to maintain amicable intercourse. If so, he cannot do better than adhere to his avowed purpose of appealing to the English nation. Absolute approval a statesman of his sagacity will not expect: a critical frown at certain supposed sallies of cunning on the king's part, met by the minister with undue subservience, he must bear with patience. But the English public cares little for niceties of etiquette, which so greatly agitate diplomatists and heralds; attaching much more importance to peace, with its quiet, safety, and commerce. It will sympathize with any sincere endeavor to preserve peace. It will be disposed to pardon our neighbor's escapade as a venial error of over-cuteness, in consideration of Louis Philippe's past services in the cause of peace, and of any earnest that he will henceforth act again in the same behalf. And we believe, that if it be convinced as to the reality of such a desire on the other side, the public will not, after all, suffer any political party to go to extremes. Much, no doubt, is tolerated, because there is a strong inclination just now to be indulgent towards a "liberal" ministry, and not too strictly or openly to criticise its conduct under embarrassing party ties. But French statesmen—and English statesmen also—will do well not to confound that forbearance on purely domestic grounds with any disposition to sanction a dangerous foreign policy, should it go to the length of overt acts.

DIPLOMATIC NOTES.

LORD PALMERSTON is determined to punish the French court and ministry for their perfidy. If he cannot show his resentment in one way he will in another. Debarred the employment of cannon, he throws all his anger into protocols. They are formidable instruments when forged by his lordship's hands. Everything now is on the monster scale—monster mortars, monster concerts, monster meetings, monster trains, monster statues. His lordship swims with the stream, and has manufactured a monster "note." He has sent to M. Guizot a diplomatic letter extending to one hundred and nine pages of closely-written foolscap. We can imagine the French premier's dismay when Lord Normanby requested an audience for the purpose of presenting this formidable document; but how must

his terror have been increased when the ambassador informed him he conceived it necessary to read over to him the whole of this extraordinary specimen of verbosity, in order to insure due attention to the prolix eloquence of the English Foreign Secretary! Most persons will think, we imagine, that M. Guizot has now been sufficiently punished for his share of the transaction.

The "note" finished, we are told, with the conclusion that the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier must, for themselves and their children, renounce all claim to the Spanish succession. The demand is as stupid as it is arrogant. If persisted in, it will cost his lordship his station in the Foreign-office. The mind of every rational man who has paid the slightest attention to the question is made up that the treaty of Utrecht gives us no title for interference with this marriage. Since that treaty was concluded there have been no less than three alliances between members of the house of Orleans in France and of the house of Bourbon in Spain, without one word of objection being uttered against the principle of them. The Duke de Montpensier cannot deprive the children of the Infanta of a right he does not confer on them. In a constitutional view, as regards their right to the Spanish succession, they are the children of the Infanta alone. There is not the slightest pretence, in sound reason, for the absurd demand Lord Palmerston has made. Among the ministers of Europe he stands alone in urging it, and to the experienced statesmen of the continent he must be an object of wonder and ridicule. His conduct is hardly consistent with the supposition of vanity; and it is made the more conspicuously foolish by the remoteness of the contingency he raises as a ground of dispute. He persists in fighting with a man of straw, and on levelling all the force of his diplomatic battery against what is merely the shadow of a real event.

A few weeks, or perhaps days, must rouse his lordship from the fool's paradise in which he is lapping himself. The English people are generally indifferent to the conduct of their foreign affairs. But there is a limit to their patience, and we are persuaded they will not much longer suffer their influence on the continent to be sensibly weakened, and their diplomacy made ridiculous, for the sake of retaining a minister at the head of the Foreign-office to write voluminous pamphlets under the title of "Diplomatic Notes."—*Britannia*, 14 Nov.

THE newspaper war about the Montpensier marriage, between the Paris and London journals, waxed fiercer, and it professes to reflect the diplomatic relations of the two governments; the *Times* treating the *Journal des Débats* as if it were M. Guizot, the *Journal des Débats* treating the *Times* as if it were Lord Palmerston. In the midst of the mutual attacks some further explanations are let fall.

The French case finally takes this shape. When Queen Victoria was at Eu, the marriages of Queen Isabella and the Infanta Louisa were discussed. Lord Aberdeen consented that the husband of the queen should be taken from some branch of the Bourbon family; and he did not resist the marriage of the Infanta with the Duc de Montpensier, but stipulated that it should take place after the queen's—or, as our journals allege, after she should have children. When Lord Palmerston came into office, he did not respect the arrangement; he added Prince Leopold of Coburg to the list of candidates for the queen's hand, and thus broke down the limitation to the Bourbon family. France therefore consid-

ered herself free from the compact of Eu, and the Montpensier marriage was not postponed. The *Journal des Débats* is careful to remark, that no attempt was made against the independence of Queen Isabella's choice; England and France only agreed as to the *advice* which they would join in giving.

The Palmerston case stands thus. England did not espouse the cause of Prince Leopold, but he was first suggested by Queen Christina. No doubt but she meant the proposal as a trap for England, and would after all have left the prince in the lurch; but Lord Palmerston saw the trap, and declined to interfere. This trick, planned by M. Bresson, was defeated solely by the indifference of the British government to Prince Leopold's success. Lord Palmerston merely insisted that Prince Leopold had nothing in common with the royal family of England, and that Queen Isabella should be left to a free choice. The accident that Lord Palmerston first named the Coburg prince, and the pretence that the British government gave a preference to him, is the sole defence of Louis Philippe's conduct.

The *Presse*, which is by turns described as representing the conservative opposition, the court, and Queen Christina—and indeed appears to do a little by turns for all those parties—avoids the exacter diplomatic controversies, but continues its general railing at England; harping on an alliance between France, Russia, and the United States, to reduce our maritime power. The liberal *Sicde* laughs at this extravagant dream; calling to mind one serious obstacle to an alliance with Russia—the annual protest of the French chambers in favor of Polish nationality. The exciting cause of the fierce anger is Lord Palmerston's exasperating demeanor; our foreign secretary, says the *Presse*, "by his conduct, and by the language of his journals, is evidently seeking to create a quarrel between the two nations out of a struggle for influence between the two governments." This is a heavy charge; pity that the *Presse*, so clear-sighted on the point, should work so hard to help what it denounces.—*Spectator*, 7 Nov.

CON AMORE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Love was ever yet a martyr;
Bred in sorrow, born in pain;
Tossed about on troubled waters;
By a scornful arrow slain.
Wherefore, then, O fairest lady,
Bid me sing of Love again!

I was young, and I was dreaming,
When a burning Vision came,
Lighted up mine eyes with passion,
Touched my cheeks with crimson shame;
Smote my heart, that shrank and trembled,
Till it burst abroad in flame.

Long the Vision seemed to linger;
Then without a smile or sound,
Passed beyond my humble region,
Like the sun when seaward bound,
Glorious,—but content with having
Cast a glory on the ground.

Now I dwell within the shadows,
And the Dream that shone of yore
Lighteth up another passion,
Lingereth on another shore;
Leaving Love, that was the martyr,
Master still, for evermore!